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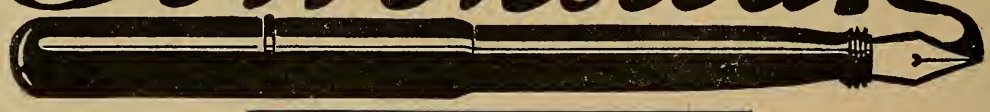

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THE TYRANT.

IF Robert Lawrence had been thinking at all of himself as he stepped off the suburban street car at his home corner, he would have agreed with Cæsar that it was better to be first in a little Tiberian village than second in Rome. For as he walked unconcernedly by the other passengers, all eyes turned toward him, and more than one woman went out of her way to speak to him. Born and bred in the small suburb, he was given the admiration due its most successful product. Moreover, his popularity had still another foundation. He possessed now all the power and balance that comes to a former "black-sheep" of a neighborhood after he has toned down and succeeded by proper application of his energy. This fact, that in his boyhood he had been a little wild, served not only to maintain in him a certain interest, but also gave his elders, who had in the past grown accustomed to his disconcerting sense of humor, that delightful chance to say, "I told you in the end he'd come out on top." Thus Robert was an object of universal respect, held up as a reproach to all lazy children, and as an ideal by the ambitious.

He was now unconscious of the favor he enjoyed, however, for as he started out in the direction of his house, he was wondering why he had not been met at his car. Yet there was no sign of disappointment on his face, only surprise and, perhaps, even a little relief, a little pleasure in the curiosity aroused. "It's the first time," he said to himself, "that she's not been there, standing in that identical spot waiting for me, with the same smile to welcome me. Think of it; the same woman, the same place, the same smile every day for three years! It's even too big to count," and he sighed over the enormity of the problem. "Why, it's a red-letter day, it's vacation to-night!" he concluded. His steps became lighter at the thought, and there was visible an almost youthful joy in the breaking of a custom.

As he approached the large stone house that was his, however, the object of his thoughts came down to meet him. She made such a pretty picture, walking slowly toward him through the trees with her soft dress rippling just slightly in the wind, that, out of pure justice, he was forced to admit, "She is beautiful, and the smile really is lovely, only—"

"I'm sorry I didn't get down to the car," she began, as she joined him and they entered the house together, "it's the first time I haven't, isn't it? But Mrs. Dunlap was telephoning me and I couldn't get away."

His attitude had changed now from curiosity to his accustomed air of polite, rather distant solicitude. "It was a surprise, I admit," he replied. "What were you and Mrs. Dunlap so absorbed in?"

"Oh, she just wanted me to come over this evening. Mr. Dunlap is away and she thought you were."

"And you told her—?"

"That you were home and I wouldn't go." Christine uttered the last in a tone of surprise as if, of course, he could not have expected her to do otherwise.

But her husband was suffering from disappointment and was irritated. What he thought was to be an irregularity in the day's routine had turned out to be only a further example of its inevitable, monotonous smoothness, and, with a slight frown, he broke out impulsively, "Christine, why must you always be thinking of me and my wants? You owe something to yourself, you know. You still have an individuality even if you are married."

His tone was weary, almost impatient, and for a moment there was a look of infinite pain on Christine's face. She conquered it immediately though, and resuming her natural manner, went on, "You are tired, Robert. Perhaps after dinner you had better go right to bed, and I will read to you."

"No, I have work to do this evening," he answered. "Forgive me for speaking to you as I did, but I am worried over the piece of business I have to finish. I wish you would go over to Mrs. Dunlap's. You see I will be busy, and she probably needs you to-night."

"Very well, I will. You're certain you can't leave your work till to-morrow? You look quite worn out."

He assured her that he could not, and they went into the dining-room together. It was a large, soft-colored, restful room with noiseless carpets and doors, and the dinner, as usual, was served without the slightest rub. Robert never had to ask for anything. His every want was anticipated as promptly as those of any of the happy mortals that had their meals served by witchcraft. Conversation also was of a smooth, gentle vein. "I had a splendid letter from Dick this morning," Christine announced after a pause; "he's doing so well. He said to-day he was afraid, if nothing came to interfere, that he'd have

to get some kind of a laud with his diploma."

Her husband had taken a new interest at the mention of Dick's name, and he returned almost eagerly, "Oh, that's right. He graduates this spring, doesn't he? Think of it! He certainly has kept himself well down at his studies in college. I never expected him to—he always used to like to play so much in school."

Christine saw her usual opportunity. "Well, you see, he's so grateful to you for giving him the chance," she said. "I guess he realized the only course for him to take. In every letter he talks so much of his gratitude and respect for you, and what a fine brother-in-law you—"

Robert indicated his displeasure with this topic by an impatient wave of his hand. "I'm not putting the boy through college from any benevolent impulse," he declared. "We've always been good friends—too good for him, I'm afraid, when we were in school. Do you remember the awful pranks I used to get him to do with me?"

An infinite change came over Christine at this recalling of the past. It was as though she were suddenly emancipated from all the duties and responsibilities of the present. "Remember them?" she asked smiling. "Do you think I could ever forget those sleepless nights? Why, you know I used to spend all my time praying that you would reform."

"Well, I guess if you hadn't, I never should have gotten through the grammar school. But you always used to stand up for me. I remember how the other boys used to wish they had some intercessor like you who would go up to the teacher before she gave out the punishment and plead for them. Even you had to work pretty hard, though, the time I set the schoolhouse on fire, didn't you?" Robert, too, had forgotten the present with its irritating monotony in the excitement of the past, and the two went on reminding each other of further momentous events, forgetful of time and circumstances, until finally Christine, with a glance at the clock, saw that it was time for her to start on her visit. The transition was as disillusioning as that from a happy dream to an unpleasant reality. In another moment her attitude of constant, irreproachable thoughtfulness took possession of her, and with a final plea, "Please don't work too hard, Robert," she was gone.

For a while her husband remained leaning back in his chair, absorbed. Thoughts of Christine—how she used to be and how she was now were running through his head, and he could not rid himself of them. "I suppose," he mused, "that she is what you would call an ideal wife—thoughtful beyond the dictates of any conscience I ever dreamed of—absolutely no mind for anything but me. Dick, of course she thinks of, but even he is subordinated to me. I suppose I might feel flattered if I didn't realize too well how we couldn't help marrying each other. That's the trouble with things that are all mapped out for you from the beginning." He had become too impatient now to sit still any longer, so he got up and began to pace the floor heavily, sometimes wrinkling his forehead over an uncomfortable idea, sometimes talking aloud to himself. He had grown in the custom of arguing thus audibly, for really one must have some sympathetic listener, and he found himself his only available one. "And is it my fault that she—rather grates on me—that I don't—love her?" he asked. "Is it because she has spoiled me and made me think only of my own feelings?" This was the question that was always affronting him, but now for the first time he answered it decisively. Stopping in the route he had made for himself around the room, he declared, with a tone of finality, "No, it is not my fault. How can a man be expected to love a mere servant, a mere tool? For she hasn't the slightest personality of her own. The only thing she lives for is to please me and to do what she thinks is her—duty by me. Perhaps," he paused a moment, "perhaps if she loved me, it would be different. Then she would have some real individuality that I could love, but I suppose the very inevitableness of our marriage prevented that. And yet she used to—and I used to love her, and I still do when we get to talking about when we were children. Everything was so natural then, until people, even our own families, got to talking about our marriage as a matter of course, and that killed everything."

Robert had by now worn himself out with thinking and pacing, so he flung himself helplessly down into his chair to rest. How long he stayed there with his head thrown back, looking idly about him, he could not tell, but he was suddenly aroused by the sound of footsteps on the porch, and before he had time to wonder, the door opened, a suit-case was dropped in the hall, and a loud, boyish voice called, "Robert, where are you?"

In another moment he had jumped up and rushed into the hall. "Dick," he cried, all eagerness, shaking both the boy's hands strenuously, "my, but I'm glad to see you. What lucky chance brings you home so soon?"

So complete was his joy at seeing his brother-in-law that the possible reason for his coming did not bother him. It was not until the pleasure on Dick's face began to change to a more serious, worried look that it occurred to him something unpleasant might be the cause. Dick had taken off his coat and hat in silence, and then, leading the older man by the arm and ushering him into the library, he said earnestly, "Robert, I've a sad story to tell you—sad because I'm afraid when I get through you'll

think I'm one of the most ungrateful asses that ever lived. But now if you will kindly make yourself comfortable in this armchair," pushing him into it as he spoke, "and light a new cigar, I will try to make out my case as favorable as possible, and will narrate," he concluded dramatically, "the story of a miserable, human life."

The other man had allowed himself to be dictated to, and now found that he was leaning back in the chair, looking up in admiration at the tall, straight figure in front of him. Dick hesitated a minute to choose the right words, and then, looking directly at the other, began: "Supposing for awhile that there was a boy, brought up in the strictest kind of a way, and that there had always been something in him that chafed away at the walls and wanted to get out, and which, I may add, did get out once or twice. Supposing, further, that his family was very intimate with one where there was an older boy, whom he, in the manner of most small boys, worshiped and followed in everything he did." He stopped a moment and then, "Supposing," he continued, "that after a few years the boy's father and mother died and he had no one left but one sister, whom this older boy married. Well, then, supposing because there was no alternative for him and because—" Robert started to interrupt the speaker here, but Dick motioned him to be quiet. "Supposing, out of kindness or benevolence or whatever you want to call it, the older boy, who is a man now, invited the other to come and live with him and promised to send him to college and to do everything else he could for him. Then supposing the boy accepted and went off to college with the best intentions in the world. He felt just bound down by his gratitude and duty, for, of course, he had to make the most of his chances. You can well imagine that this feeling was not the most gratifying one in the world, anyway," Dick's tone became more pleading here, "for it's not very pleasant to feel that you're being patronized, no matter how much you like your benefactor. But supposing, further, that this sister of the boy's kept driving this feeling deeper and deeper in, writing him letters filled with nothing but exhortations to work, and duty and responsibility, for she was, we're imagining, the epitome of conscientiousness." Dick waited to see what effect this bold climax would have on his listener, but Robert had decided to be silent till the end and, contentedly blowing rings, offered no criticism.

Dick was not encouraged. His case, after all, did not seem very favorable now that he presented it in plain, unembellishing words, and, shifting his position, he asked abruptly, "Do you want me to go on?"

The other nodded.

"Well, supposing this boy—we may as well go through to the end now—got so plagued tired of having his duty and gratitude drummed into him by his sister that one day, just a little while before he was to graduate, the last straw came, and he, with some other fellows, did—well, I won't tell you what he did—but, it was enough to—expel him from college." Dick had closed his eyes during these last words, the latter coming out slowly but decisively, and now, still without looking at Robert, "What," he concluded, "knowing as you do the history of the boy, would you say to him?"

He had scarcely had time to finish and to wonder what effect he had produced, before he was aroused by a tremendous clap on the back, and Robert, continuing to beat him, was hurling a whirlwind of words at him, such as, "I'd say he was splendid, perfect, a blessing from heaven, that he'd saved my life! Oh, Dick, if you knew how you've helped me! Something human and unordinary and momentous has happened at last!" He was as excited now as he used to be when involved in one of his school-day exploits, and Dick, though relieved, could do nothing but gasp in surprise and sink weakly into a chair.

"No, I'm not quite crazy," contradicted the other, "but if you had lived three years with no one but a ministering angel to talk to and then suddenly found a kindred, erring spirit, perhaps it would almost drive you mad."

Dick had begun to comprehend now, and rose abruptly in his chair, crying, "Do you mean to say she's affected you the same way?—that you don't care for gratitude or duty any more than I do? Oh, say you don't!"

"Care for them! Why, man, they're the destroyers of the universe, the devastators of human nature. I don't see, myself, how you kept from murdering me with all this talk about your living up to your responsibilities. But I never wanted to patronize you. It was a wholly selfish impulse of mine to get you to live with us. You didn't accuse me of being a slave to duty, did you?—did you?" repeating himself as the greater possibility of it began to occur to him.

"Why, yes, I rather thought so," Dick admitted, "I guess I thought everyone was except me. Then it's just—Christine," he went on slowly, as the revelation came to him, "that's been weaving all this web of trouble—Christine, the saint and the prize of the suburb! Why, everyone thinks you're the luckiest man on earth because she's always cared for no one but you. What's the matter with her, Robert?"

They had sobered down now, and, taking chairs, began to talk seriously. "Why, I think the trouble with her, if you can call it trouble," Robert sug-

gested after a pause, "is that she doesn't love or hate or scorn or pity or admire a single soul. She simply does what she thinks she ought to. She married me only because our families were intimate and it was her father's last wish that she should. Then, too, she seems to feel a tremendous amount of gratitude to me for putting up with your presence, and as a result, she's just intolerably kind to me. Oh, Dick, you'll forgive me for talking like this—you must know how it is, and this is the first time I've ever expressed myself."

"Don't you think I've acted in a way that shows I understand? But what"—Dick became a little apprehensive—"do you think she'll say to my conduct?"

"That's just the trouble," answered the other vehemently, almost bitterly. "She'll spoil it all. She won't show a sign of any emotion, though probably she will be inwardly shocked at you; but she'll rise to the occasion and try to act as though nothing had happened, except that she'll be, if possible, even more thoughtful to me."

Dick's face brightened at this idea. "Do you really believe that? And are you sure—?"

They both stopped short, listening. Then Robert, realizing that Christine was coming, whispered hurriedly, "Go meet her at the door and take her in the library to tell her. I'll stay here."

Dick looked a little reluctant, but jumped up and was in the hall the moment she entered. Robert heard the slight exclamation of surprise, saw Dick lead her into the library and close the door, and from then on could only hear vaguely and intermittently the sound of voices. He had no curiosity concerning the outcome. Even though this was the biggest thing that had happened since their marriage, he could anticipate its result perfectly. Things would go on much in the same way. Dick would go into business, and Christine would continue to meet him at the car. But, absent as was any great feeling of interest in the affair, Robert began to realize, by and by, that it was getting to be a long time that he had been waiting for the others to return. In a little while, long grew into interminable, and he was about to get up to discover the meaning of it when Dick appeared in the doorway, looking worried and a little frightened.

"Robert," he said, "we flattered ourselves that we were rather clever discerners, but somewhere in our calculating, something's wrong. Christine's calm exterior is entirely lacking."

"What! she's been angry?"

"No, not angry; she's lovely, but horribly disappointed. She's made me feel like a criminal."

"Tell me; you don't mean to say that she—?"

"Yes, she's all broken up. She said she'd be in in a minute, but if I were you I'd go in to see her."

Robert got up quickly, but then hesitated. A variety of new feelings were coming over him, and though they were not essentially happy, he found a strange, keen pleasure in them. Waiting a moment outside the library door, he finally opened it without knocking, and Christine, who was on the sofa half lying down, raised her head. Her face was as he had never seen it before. The eyes, a little misty, looked up at him, ashamed, her cheeks were slightly flushed, and for the first time he noticed that the curves of her mouth were infinitely sensitive. Here was no duty or self-control manifested—only utter surrender to the one emotion, sorrow. As Robert walked over to her, feeling strangely transformed, she spoke.

"Oh, why did you come now? I didn't want to see you till I was—ready." Her voice, too, seemed changed.

"Because I wanted to," he answered confidently. "I had a right to. Please don't mind so much, Christine. Dick will go into business and do splendidly. It really isn't such a big thing, you know." His tone was pleading, consoling, but she refused to be comforted.

"Oh, it's not just that. It's the fact that I've spoiled it all myself."

"How have you spoiled it all?" Robert was interested to hear her reason.

"Don't you see," she went on in a sudden burst of confidence, "that it's been just my eternal emphasis on his duty that has brought this about? But I did want him so much to graduate with honors like you and to be—well, in every way to be just like you."

"Like me!"

"Yes, exactly like you," she repeated unscrupulously. "Don't you suppose that I've always realized how splendid and brilliant and—altogether perfect you are?" She seemed to be unconscious of her words now, and leaning helplessly back on the sofa, talked on unrestrainedly. Now that everything was over, she might just as well.

Robert was overwhelmed. "How should I know that, Christine? You never—loved me," and he looked at her curiously.

She offered no answer for some time, and then faced him impulsively. "Yes, I do love you," she contradicted; "I suppose it's a somewhat trite, bourgeois thing for a wife to do, but I do, I do." She was almost defiant.

"Then why—?"

"Then why don't I show it?" she anticipated. "Because—well, I guess there's no reason for keeping things back any more—because I knew too well why—you married me. You didn't really care for me, you know, and at first I was miserable, absolutely miserable, but then, by and by, I began to

realize that there was a pleasure I could have—that anyone could have, no matter how unhappy—and that was the satisfaction that comes from doing your duty." She stopped here, but Robert could do nothing but watch her, astounded, fascinated. "Don't you suppose," she continued, "that I knew how you despised me to be always looking out for you, and don't you think it—hurt me? And it was the same with Dick, too. But you see it was the only pleasure I had—this selfish feeling that I was doing everything I ought to, and I had to have something. And now," she concluded brokenly, "see what it's come to! I can't go on in the same way any more after I've seen what awful things it can do, and so there's nothing left." She seemed worn out now, physically and mentally, and made no further effort to contain herself.

But Robert had by this time realized everything, and, going over to her, said, "Nothing left? Why, there's everything left, dearest. We're just beginning to understand each other. Oh, why didn't you tell me all this before?"

She answered, in spite of her pride, "Because I knew you would just—pity me, as you do now."

"I tell you that I don't pity you," he contradicted vehemently. "I've always adored you when you're yourself. It's only when you're a slave to duty that I don't, and you can't be that any more. Why, Christine, it's an awful thing—this duty. It's the most exacting, subjugating, domineering tyrant on earth. When it once gets a hold on you it crowds everything else out, and won't allow you to do anything but serve it. As you say, it gives you a certain pleasure, but it denies you all other kinds of joy. I tell you, it may be barbarism to follow your own instincts exclusively, but it's nothing but pure mechanism to follow your duty exclusively. Aren't you glad we've overthrown it at last? For my part, I wish Dick had been expelled a couple of years sooner."

Christine winced, but smiled as the new idea came to her. "Oh, Robert, oughtn't we to be grateful to him?" she cried. And together they went out to find him.

MILDRED WASHBURN, 1912.

THE SONG OF THINGS.

IT was the kind of morning that seems to sing. The scent of ploughed fields, and, very faintly, of the swollen, tumbling brook came in through the swaying curtains to where I sat by the baby's crib in my mother's room. The baby was frantically in love with the life he had just begun living, so that it was a physical impossibility for his tired little body to stop its playing unless a very quiet person forced him to it. I had been sitting by him for half an hour, at first telling a story, then singing quite industriously and gaily, and finally humming. Now I knew very well that he was asleep; my hand, resting lightly on his little blue and white apron, felt the quick, rythmic breathing of a sleeping child. I knew, too, that my arithmetic was lying on the kitchen table so that my mother could hear me say it while she peeled the potatoes. I knew that my skipping-rope was waiting on the back porch until I could say all the rules about percentage. But still I sat by the baby and noticed how the sunlight, touching his little tousled head, had turned it into a shimmer of gold; the only sound was the steady thud of Pierre's stick as he beat the parlor carpet down by the brook. Suddenly, a miracle of sound! I slipped to the window and closed it, then tiptoed hastily out of the room. The house was filled with the music of a hurdy-gurdy, and down-stairs I heard quick steps and laughter. "Hush, oh, hush!" I cried, and ran into the kitchen. There my mother, her big blue apron whirling about her, was pulling my little madcap brother around the room, in a gay abandonment of rythm.

"Oh, we musn't wake Dickie, Bob," she laughed softly, as I burst in. "But we won't! Don't stop!"

And breathless little Bob jerked out, "Oh, it's rollicky! Lemme pull you, and le's go faster!"

My mother gave us our first dancing lesson then and there. That night, after I had said my prayers close by the window where the willow tree reached in, my mother, looking at the rustling leaves, said, "See, daughter! Your tree loves it as well as you did. Everything loves to dance and to sing."

Since then I have found that to be truer than guessed. Everything does love to dance and to sing. There is a principle of rythm within us that made our ancestors in some long-past age discover the strange secret of making songs. Probably they had it from men of still remoter time; perhaps the wind and the sea taught it in the first place. At any rate, songs began to be made—roughly at first, with the strange, steady beat that is in the heart of a man, or his footfall, or the going down of the sun,

day after day. Poetry arose, and music, because of the innate knowledge that we have of the purposes and laws of nature. They form the bond which still unites us with nature in all the heat and artificiality of our living, and lets us feel again the beating of the heart of nature as we used to feel it, ages ago. In the universal music of the world we may still know ourselves to be part of the world-soul, children of sky and earth and water.

There is a certain rythm about all the inevitable processes, the laws of nature. A necessary rythm, I think, and perhaps the very essence of nature.

I sit in the woods and the leaves are thick and green above me. The odor of dogwood and marsh marigolds, the fine tracery of the birch leaves on the mold, the sudden song of a hermit-thrush—everything seems very new and wonderful. And yet I know that the world is made up of the new leaves of last summer and of many summers before that; I know that presently the leaves will glow burnished gold in the sun and then float, one by one, to the ground. After that, winter—then spring again and summer. So one may see in the forest how the world wags—with full glory and sudden waning. The days go past like that too, and the singing sea; the great world itself on its axis and in its orbit, turning, turning, and the other worlds about it.

If we consider ourselves instead of what we call external nature we find that the same rythm is beating itself out in our lives. When we think a thought in a certain way we are prone to do it again; happiness and sadness, sadness and happiness sing their eternal song in our souls. Each of us, as individuals, are phrases in the great world-song; the race of men with its constant succession of youth and age and death and youth again, is, perhaps, a verse of the poem.

I like to think of the world in this way. It is pleasant to feel that I am part of, and essentially like the world of winds and flowers and animals. It is governed by a great law of harmony; so am I.

A song should have varying and contrasting motifs; troubles that seem like discords may be the deepest and richest chords of all. This thought makes of the great inexplicable world a thing friendly and near. Odors of springtime, the throbbing sounds of a summer night, winds, soft, or wild and stinging, are part of the purpose of which I am a part—for is not a song a unit, and so a something-to-be-accomplished, a purposed thing?

Yet the song does not beat on and on unchangingly. It slips away irrevocably into the past and leaves behind in my mind only the shadows of unremembered things—keen sorrows and keener joys, snatches of old tales, the breath of old hills, dreams and longings which I used to have—sweet cadences all of a song which slips away and is never brought back. Day and night, winter and summer, in constant rythmic succession, but never the same day, or the same night—never the same winter and summer.

So I sit in the woods and wonder at life after a fashion of my own, and even while I listen the song changes. The wind that seemed so strong and young has grown silent; the crimson glow of the sunset has shot into the sky, and the Mystery of the night walks softly through the trees. Part of the song comes back to me, and I feel my father's strong arms about me, and see the black form of a horse ahead. Beyond is a young moon hovering above a wooded hill. I hear my little brother saying, very sleepily, "Well, you might as well do your 'Mene,' dad." And then my father's voice, hushed to suit the silent night and the load of tired children, begins "Mene aide Thea, Peleadeo Achilleos,"—an old, old song again! I remember that I started my thinking by wondering about the poetry men make, and that I have gotten very far away—yet not far, for music is the heart of nature.

While I have been remembering, the poignant beauty of the moment that was, has gone, and I have lost it without knowing.

Ah, a sad song to flee so hastily! Yet it is in the nature of all songs that the singing should cease.

MURIEL BACHELER, 1912.

THE SILVER SPRUCE.

IT was evening—Arizona evening—and the forester was tired; he leaned against the cabin door and looked across the canyon at the mountains. The forester was thinking, vaguely at first, of the new road for which the men were running the line, of the trees to be felled, the miles he must walk and ride the next day, and then, because he was looking at them, of the mountains among which he lived. His eyes followed the outline of the one under whose shadow his cabin had crept for protection. Scarred it was, roughened in a hundred places by the jagged, outcropping ledges, but so big and brown and kind that one was awed at the thought of its everlastingness.

"Who eveh made it must a-loved what he was doin', don't you all think so too?"

A forester is not easily startled, but it was surprising to have the very thought in one's mind unexpectedly put into words, especially when one had imagined himself absolutely alone and the nearest human being at the mine three miles down the trail.

"Yes, I think whoever made it did," he answered softly, looking down to see who had spoken with just the faintest, softest trace of the "ole Virginia" accent. Standing before him was a child, a little, brown boy in faded blue overalls, beginning with a bib under a small, determined chin, and ending just above two stubbed-out, dusty shoes.

"Howdy, sonny. Whose boy are you, and where do you come from?"

"I'm not a boy, I'm a girl, and I belong to Jimmy Gardner. We all live over yondah at the Benjamin mine."

"What's your name?"

"Jim."

"Oh, named after daddy?"

"Yes, suh."

"Well, Jim, what can I do for you?"

The forester felt rather than knew that somewhere there was a wrong, that this boyish little girl had come to him for—what—help? She had answered his questions very quietly, yet a note—an insistent something—in her voice made him feel a strength of will, a relentlessness of purpose that almost shamed him, a man. The child spoke at last quite slowly, her plain, brown face as expressive as an Indian's.

"I have come," she said, "to tell you that you must not cut down my mother."

"What! Look at me and tell me again."

"I have come to tell you that you must not cut down my mother." She was not looking at him, but up on the mountain at a solitary, silver spruce.

"I don't know what you mean, my child."

"Are you goin' to cut down the—the," she hesitated just a moment, "the big silver tree up theah?"

"Yes, I am," he replied, feeling, as she looked at him, like a guilty thing who had hurt someone she loved.

"Well, you can't."

The determination in the words made him realize that a man his own age might have said them.

"Why not?"

"Because, because—oh, come, please come up on the mountain with me. Come up to the silver spruce; theah I can tell you, so you'll know why you cannot cut down—my mother. Come." She didn't even look toward him as she started up the trail, and, without a thought of his uncooked supper or the report due the next morning, the forester silently followed.

High up they went over the slippery, needle-covered ground among the trunks of the friendly pines. The afterglow in the southwest was yellow, and across the mesa on the other side, the warm June wind brought the manzanita fragrance. They stood, at last, near the crest of the mountain in the shadow of the solitary spruce, at the base of which was a new stake. Together, man and child looked, marveling at the splendid strength of it, its glorious straightness and the beauty of the silver-tipped branches.

"Jimmy, child," said the forester awkwardly, "I suppose it does seem wicked to you, but it is directly in the road line and,—and won't you tell me over again about not cutting it, and why you call this tree your mother?"

"Oh, don't you see, can't you understand?"

Her voice wavered, and the small, brown hands fluttered like detached things. All self-consciousness, due to fear of ridicule, all of the stern self-repression of eight years was swept away. The spirit that made her father's father fight till the grass was blood-darkened when the odds were one hundred to one, flickered in the gray, Irish eyes set so widely apart. The child was fighting with one hundred chances to one that she would be misunderstood and laughed at; the fight was good.

"I haven't any mother, any really one, 'cause she died eveh so long ago. I haven't anybody but Daddy Jim and Maritza; he stays down in the mine all day, and Maritza's only an Indian. I wanted a mother, all my life I've wanted one, not to take care of me, 'cause Maritza can do that; anybody can dress you or give you baths and put you to bed; and not to tell stories or love me, 'cause Daddy Jim tells beautiful ones; he's kissed me 'leven times since I can remember, and taught me to ride an' shoot, an' always called me 'sonny boy.' Mothers are to tell

things to, an' they always want to hear 'em. Don't you s'pose if I had one—a really one—she'd always listen, always, and not laugh or read the paper while I was a-tellin' her? I wanted a mother to tell things to, an' when I wanted her most of all I found the silver spruce. I was only four, so little I couldn't even say mother plain. The branches are low and strong and kind, like arms; I've slipped into them so many times. At first I only told her about my play-things—the sand-pile wheah I had my mine, about ridin' on the ore buckets and climbin' down six hundred feet on the laddahs, and then I wasn't a baby any more; I grew up, and truly told her things.

"My mother knows when the clouds behind the granite peaks all turn shadow-colored, when the foot-hills look like streaks of smoke all cuddlin' closer to the mountains 'cause the sun has gone away an' left the west all shinin' bright; my mother knows, then, that somethin' comes an' hurts me heah. She knows 'cause I have told her, an' she understands why it makes me happy jus' to lie on the ground and—and—live. Every yeah I've brought her the very first mariposas; she jus' loves the desert lily flowers an' mescal, and mother's told me the reason why my heart beats fast and trees an' sky an'oak-brush seems all blurred, when I carry to her in my hands a branch of manzanita. When I lie in her arms the lonesomeness all goes away; I heah the branches whisperin' and the yucca bells a-ringin' all for me. My mother believes that shadows all have colors, if Daddy Jim did laugh at me for sayin' it.

"We play with the wind that makes the pine trees sing, and wondah together about so many things: if the Virginia hills among which my truly mother lived were any greener than the wild grape-vines in the canyon, and why our Daddy Jim cuts down the trees an' makes great, ugly poles to prop up the hollow mountains, wheah he finds the rocks of gold, when all the gold he could eveh want lies in the poppy cups if he just cared to look for it.

"Sometimes in the evenin' before Daddy Jim comes home from the mine, after Maritza has patched my ovahalls, sewed the soles on my shoes an' gone away, the fire things come a-creepin' closer an' closer to my bed, then 'way up on the mountain I can heah the cheeta in the tree tops an' my mother callin' to me. The fire things run across my face, an' I hide it in the pillow 'cause the fire is burnin'—trees, great, beautiful, strong trees like my silver spruce, trees that have held in their leaves the first little baby sunbeam, trees that have known the wind's secrets, and kissed the clouds, and then, oh, how I want my tree mother's arms, the strong, big branches; she has held me so many times. Daddy Jim thinks I'm big; some days he says 'boy' now instead of 'sonny,' an' I like it; but she holds me tight an' says 'mother's mountain baby'—that I love. I come ovah ever' evenin' 'cause I'm waitin' an' a-waitin' to see if the wind in the branches won't tell me how a truly mother says good-night. Oh, mother, my tree mother, you all must know what I say. If they cut you down an' burn you I shall die!"

The big sun and the afterglow had long before slipped behind the mountains, and the great dark touched the silver branches. Everywhere quail were calling. The forester bent down, wrenched the stake from the ground and threw it far into the gorge below. The child's cheeks flamed in the half light. Almost reverently he took from his head the white, soft hat.

"Tell the tree mother good-night, mountain baby," he said, "and I'll carry you back over the trail to Daddy Jim."

James Maryfrank Gardner, 1914.

SLIP SHEETS.

IN '61.

Early in '61 the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts disembarked at Charleston. Rumors of their approach had reached the city before them, so that their progress up the main street to the Citadel Green was not unwatched. The door of an imposing residence opened slowly to let an aged black form, resplendent in white apron and red bandanna, out on to the piazza. She tottered down the walk, every now and then casting a half-frightened glance back at the house. The gate slammed after her decrepit figure. This called forth a final glance to the house. Then into the road she went, right into the path of the approaching soldiers, and took her stand. Trembling with age and emotion, she showed no fear of the approaching horse, whom the rider reined in with difficulty.

"Is yo' Mas' Yankee?"

"Yes," somewhat irritated at this delay.

"Is yo' Mas' Yankee?"

Then remembering that he had come to fight for the Union and for such of his race as this old woman, he answered with a break in his voice: "Yes, we're the colored Yankees."

And with tears streaming down her face, the old woman replied: "Tanky Jesus! Tanky Jesus!"

E. C. D., 1912.

MARY.

A tall, quiet girl came into the dining-room and sat down beside me. She was dressed in pink, which was matched by the delicate color in her cheeks and the ribbon around her hair. As she took her seat next to me, I was conscious of a slight feeling of awe and admiration for her absolute poise and lack of self-consciousness. Her deep-set, grey eyes looked around the table casually, and finally rested on me. Very seriously they gazed at me, and very serious and condescending was her voice, as she said, "Well, do I have to sit next to you all this year?"

I faced her instantly. Never before had a friendship been begun with such a remark. "I rather think I am as badly off as you are," I remarked hot-headedly.

Then the ice was broken. I admit that we fought during the remainder of the meal, but we did it good-naturedly, as two chums will fight about nothing at all.

At the end of dinner, she poked me in a haughty manner, looked at me with her serious eyes, remarked coldly, "I am so relieved to think that I can now get rid of you," put her arm on my shoulder and led me into the parlor as she would an old comrade.

ADVENTURE.

Swift, swift, up the hills of brown
(Brown as the rags of her tattered gown),
Far, far, through sleet, through mist,
(Hands and eyes by the wee folk kissed),
She goes, my maid of no degree,
Music of brooks, pipe sturdily!

Swift, swift, up the hills of brown
(Brown are the rags of her tattered gown);
Lo! Sunlight bright beneath there gleams
Fair Lady Adventure's robe of dreams.
She goes, my maid of high degree,
Crowned of wind and sky and sea. M. R.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"The Long Roll," by Mary Johnston. Houghton Mifflin Co., 1911.

A single thread of romance in a great cable of history is Miss Johnston's book, "The Long Roll." This fact takes the work out of the class of vivid but artificial writings and puts it among the great narratives of the race. The love-making of Richard Cleave tarries just as courting tarried in those war-worn days, and the figure of Stonewall Jackson dominates all other characters just as it did in life in Virginia, fifty years ago. The men of the South held passion subservient to the plans of their military chieftains or to the needs of their state, so a romance of those days must of truth go limpingly. Miss Johnston's story, then, will not please the novel readers—they say the story is a failure—but it will please the historian and the truth-lover to the end of time. Miss Johnston's work is Homeric in its vitality, its battle spirit, its sweep and rush of heroes; it is as particular and minute as De Foe, and the dramatic power of it is not surpassed by Hugo.

"The Long Roll" is a contribution to American history of the greatest value. If it could be used in schools and colleges as a supplementary text-book, there would be an enthusiasm aroused that would make ardent historical scholars of the next generations. As an appeal for peace, "The Long Roll" surpasses Olive Schreiner's last book, and puts before us the true front of bloody battle in words that can never be forgotten.

The genius of Miss Johnston has given to American letters a work of priceless moral and historical value.

I need not tell the soldier-loving reader that the title, "The Long Roll," does not signify a list of heroes as long as Homer's list of ships, but refers rather to the alarm the drums give when the foe attacks or the men are to be assembled. This alarm is, under the sticks of a drummer, a continuous throbbing thunder to which men almost instinctively rally. Miss Johnston shows that the "lost cause" was a summons to the South to which it responded with intrepid gallantry. Not only is the title of the battle-field, but the critic does not find the writer erring in the description of the weapons used and their proper employment; her "manual of arms" also is of the battle-field.

You see the soldier tearing his cartridge with blackened lips, sending it home with swift ramrod, putting the cap, with quick fingers, on the nipple, then raising the weapon and firing into the oncoming ranks of blue.

Miss Johnston's artillery technique is just as correct; the sponging, the ramming, the "thumbing of the vent," the use of the primer. It may be urged that these are secondary matters, but many novels of the Civil War have been written in which the vraisemblance suffered because of error in these details. It is good to find accuracy in every particular. It might be urged that weapons used in warfare are so unknown to these peaceful times that some sort of a glossary should be added so that such statements as that the fuses of the shells were cut too long, that the smooth-bores could not stand up to the rifled guns, and that the Parrotts were powerful, might be understood. Perhaps the book is best understood by those who read it with many an upward glance at belt and saber hanging over the mantel-piece.

Judith Cary is beloved by two men, Richard Cleave and Maury Stafford. It is a surprise to Richard Cleave to find himself preferred, but when it is clear to Stafford that Judith Cary's choice has fallen on his rival, he wishes to ruin him. This he accomplishes at White Oak Swamp, where he gives the courier a garbled order designed to deceive Cleave, colonel of the Sixty-fifth Virginia. "Richard Cleave considered the order he had received. He found an ambiguity in the wording, a choice of constructions. He half turned to send the courier again to Winder to make absolutely sure that the construction he preferred was correct." At this critical moment Cleave hears other troops apparently making ready to follow any advance on the part of his regiment, so he "steps in front of his colour company. "Attention! Into column! Forward!" In consequence of this move, the Sixty-fifth is cut to pieces and Cleave is dismissed from the army. He re-enlists in the artil-

(Continued on page 25)

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

DEAR FELLOW ALUMNÆ:—Our editor has kindly given me an opportunity to send a greeting in this, the first issue of the ALUMNÆ MAGAZINE edition of COLLEGE NEWS. It is good to feel that the much-talked-of ALUMNÆ MAGAZINE is at last launched. We bespeak for it the hearty and loyal support of all alumnæ. This is all that is needed to make it ultimately a dignified publication devoted to intelligent discussion of educational questions.

Here are wishes that it may have a long life and a prosperous one.

ELLEN F. PENDLETON.

This number of the COLLEGE NEWS marks a venture on the part of those alumnæ who feel that their knowledge of each other and of the varied interests which they represent has heretofore been insufficient as presented in the columns of COLLEGE NEWS and MAGAZINE. That this meagerness of material has been chiefly due to the difficulties of extracting full reports of alumnæ activities, whether from clubs, committees or individuals, no one who has served her term as Alumnæ Editor will deny; and that only by the hearty co-operation of every alumna can an adequate, interesting and dignified account of alumnæ doings be presented is equally certain.

It will be recalled by each alumnæ reader that the question as to the advisability of attempting an independent alumnæ publication to be issued quarterly, or of continuing for the present with the undergraduate publications, was put before her last spring. In the light of the answers received from some seven hundred out of thirty-seven hundred and fifty alumnæ, together with the presentation at the Alumnæ Association last June of the practical problems involved, it was voted by the Association to try the proposed combination with the undergraduates for one year. Since the undergraduate editorial boards had already decided to unite forces for the coming year, issuing their publications under one management and a single subscription, it was also understood that the form which the alumnæ matter should take be that of an Alumnæ Section of ten or twelve pages in the ten monthly issues of the MAGAZINE, while space for information in condensed form be retained in the weekly NEWS as usual.

It is the hope of the new Alumnæ Editor and of the Committee on Alumnæ Publications who are thus venturing, that every alumna who, by her vote or by her silence, expressed her confidence in this plan of combination, will feel herself responsible for its success both in spirit and in purse.

JOSEPHINE BATCHELDER,
For the Committee.

What shall this Alumnæ Department of COLLEGE NEWS mean to us who have left Wellesley?

I put on my prophetic glasses and look eagerly down the path which we are about to enter. Will not each one of you take a look with me and anticipate me in answering this question?

For my part, I feel sure that it will bring us all in touch with each other more effectually than anything we have done.

Madame Editor, may we have a free press? If this is possible, and we are courteous and broad-minded, topics of real value and interest can be discussed.

By means of this Department we may know about the achievements of some other class than our own and become acquainted with the writers and thinkers among our number; we will hear, at once, of the problems before the alumnæ, and can have an authentic version of the many matters of interest before the college;—some of us hear only garbled newspaper reports. Think of what the Graduate Council will want to publish! Then, too, the Executive Board will be able to give us all some idea of the subjects to come up for discussion at the annual meeting each June.

We can, thus, join hands, as it were, through these pages, and in doing it, we will realize what a power this will give us when working for Wellesley. Let us remember that loyalty will broaden and

sweeten our own lives as well as bring honor to our college. May we also hold up the hands of our plucky editor, who, at such short notice, is getting these pages ready for the press.

FRANCES SCUDDER WILLIAMS.

PRESIDENT PENDLETON.

The appointment of Ellen Fitz Pendleton as president of Wellesley College is an event significant not only in the history of the college but in that of contemporary American education. It is possible that Wellesley alumnæ who have known Miss Pendleton chiefly as impartial executor of the Academic Council's legislation do not realize, so fully as her colleagues at Wellesley and the members of other college faculties, the full import of the appointment. In electing a president, college trustees are often compelled to choose between two sorts of qualification for the office, experience or initiative; and to sacrifice one of two advantages, novelty or tradition. In this dilemma they either appoint the tried and sure executive, or they elect the president from outside the college, allowing him, as certain trustees recently observed, three or four years in which to do little save to learn to know his college. The Wellesley trustees have not needed to face this alternative, but they have acted on the conviction that loyal and efficient service in the internal administration of a college, when supplemented by the capacity successfully to conduct its external affairs, merits the highest honor in its gift. Miss Pendleton unites a detailed and thorough knowledge of the history, the specific excellencies, and the definite needs of Wellesley College with openness of mind, breadth of outlook and the endowment for constructive leadership. No college procedure seems to her to be justified by precedent merely; no curriculum or legislation is, in her view, too sacred to be subject to revision. Her wide acquaintance with the policies of other colleges and with modern tendencies in education prompts her to constant enlargement and modification, while her accurate knowledge of Wellesley conditions and her large patience are a check on the too exuberant spirit of innovation. With Miss Pendleton as president, the college is sure to advance with dignity and with safety. She will do better than "build up" the college, for she will quicken and guide its growth from within.

Fundamental to the professional is the personal equipment for office. Miss Pendleton is unswervingly just, unstintedly generous, and completely devoted to the college. Not every one realizes that her reserve hides a sympathy as keen as it is deep, though no one doubts this who has ever appealed to her for help. Finally, all those who really know her are well aware that she is utterly self-forgetful, or rather, that it does not occur to her to consider any decision in its bearing on her own position or popularity. This inability to take the narrowly personal point of view is, perhaps, her most distinguishing characteristic.

There has been some discussion of the wisdom of appointing a woman as college president. I may frankly avow myself as one of those who have been little concerned for the appointment of a woman as such. On general principles, I would welcome the appointment of a man as the next president of Bryn Mawr or of Wellesley; and, similarly, I would as soon see a woman at the head of Vassar or of Smith. But if our trustees, when looking last year for a successor to Miss Hazard in her eminently successful administration, had rejected the ideally-endowed candidate, solely because she was a woman, they would have indicated their belief that a woman is unfitted for high administrative work. The recent history of our colleges is a refutation of this conclusion. The responsible corporation of a women's college cannot possibly take the ground that "any man" is to be preferred to the rightly-equipped woman. To quote from THE NATION, in its issue of June 22: "If Wellesley, after its long tradition of women presidents, and able women presidents, had turned from the appointment of a woman, especially when a highly-capable successor was at hand, the decision would have meant . . . the adoption of the principle of the ineligibility of women for the college presidency. . . . It is an anomaly that women should be permitted to enter upon an intellectual career and should not be permitted to look forward to the natural rewards of successful labor."

This is not the place in which to make mention of President Pendleton's steady loyalty to the college ideals of honest work and wholesome community life; her inaugural address will give her the opportunity to formulate for herself the aims of her administration. But it may not be amiss to accentuate the fact that Miss Pendleton unquestionably conceives the office of college president not as that of absolute monarch but as that of constitutional ruler; not as that of master, but as that of leader. Readers of the Dean's report for the Sabbatical year of Miss Hazard's absence, in which Miss Pendleton was acting president, will not have failed to notice the spontaneous expression of this sense of comradeship in Miss Pendleton's reference to the Faculty. And the students who listened last fall to the words which she spoke at the opening chapel service were thrilled with the feeling which now moves us all. Students, alumnæ and Faculty, we realize, as never before, how closely we are bound together in our common loyalty to the college; and

we promise to our leader, President Pendleton, our full confidence and our faithful co-operation.

MARY WHITON CALKINS.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Never were Wellesley skies fairer or the barometer kinder than during last Commencement, when the opening event was the Seniors' presentation of Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell."

On Saturday by three o'clock even the spacious campus seemed thronged with students and guests; in fact, all Boston and New York seemed bidden to the Garden Party. The great event that afternoon was, perhaps, the unveiling of the bronze doors presented to the Library by the Class of '86. The presentation speech was made by Mrs. Davidson, president of that class. Then followed a repetition of the Senior Tree Day dances on College Hall Hill. A pretty story was danced out, and now and again came applause from the throngs crowded on the embankment, which seemed transformed into a vast garden of color and flowers by the gay hats and pretty gowns that everyone was wearing. Where all of the guests dined that evening at Wellesley, or whence a second large audience could have come for the outdoor Glee Club concert that evening would be difficult to tell. The girls of the Musical Clubs sang or played from the top of the porte cochere of College Hall, while their eager audience down in the circle, lighted by merry little lanterns and a full moon, were vastly more comfortable than in former years, when they were crowded together in College Hall Chapel.

On Sunday morning at quarter past ten came the alumnæ prayer meeting in College Hall Chapel, which abounds in memories dear to all alumnæ. At the Memorial Chapel the baccalaureate sermon was given by the Rev. Henry S. Coffin, D. D., of New York. In the afternoon came society vespers at the different society houses and at the Observatory Professor Whiting welcomed alumnæ. That evening, in the twilight peace of a Wellesley Baccalaureate Sunday, were the vespers, which seemed to crown the day.

Scattered through Saturday, Monday and Tuesday were reunion luncheons, dinners and teas.

On Monday evening Wellesley extended her hospitality yet again to the alumnæ and to Seniors and the Seniors' friends. Following a time-honored custom of this annual reception, President Pendleton received in the Browning Room, and she was assisted by Mrs. Durant, Mrs. Whitin and Mrs. Frances Scudder Williams, president of the Alumnæ Association.

On Commencement Day morning, the chief marshal, Mrs. Ada Wing Mead, '86, arranged the places of meeting for all alumnæ, and the procession to the Houghton Memorial Chapel from College Hall was led by her and by the officers of the Alumnæ Association. The whole retinue was in academic attire, brightened by the brilliant linings of the hoods of many of the trustees and of the Faculty and of the alumnæ. Never has there been, however, a more impressive sight at Wellesley than the large class of Seniors who marched through an aisle of alumnæ as they went on their way to the chapel, which they entered as undergraduates and from which they returned as alumnæ. After the address by John F. Moors came the conferring of certificates and degrees, and then followed the address of President Pendleton, who was received with prolonged applause.

On Alumnæ Day the business meeting and the luncheon filled the day and closed the festivities of Commencement week. F. S. M. C.

ALUMNÆ COMMENCEMENT GIFTS.

From the Class of '80, lamps for lighting the path to the Library.

From '86, bronze doors for the Library.

Valuable books for the English Literature Department from Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84.

The portrait of Mrs. Irvine, president of the college from 1894-1896, from the Class of '95.

Portrait of Miss Pendleton from former members of the Shakespeare Society.

A sum of money from Mr. Williams in memory of his wife, Ethel Folger Williams, '05, the interest of which is to be given each year to a Sophomore for proficiency in German.

Gifts of money from the different classes having reunions to the Alumnæ Endowment Fund, amounting to over a thousand dollars.

Gifts from the various reunioning classes to the Student-Alumnæ Building Fund, which makes the total sum now in the hands of the committee, $22,000.

ALUMNÆ ATMOSPHERE.

The key-note for all alumnæ during last Commencement was struck in advance by the quotation on the outside page of the notices issued by the Executive Board last May: "Let us lay aside for the time all worldly cares and come back prepared to renew old friendships, to sing again the old songs and to talk over college days 'neath the oaks of our dear old Wellesley.'"

It was even several days before the luncheon that alumnæ showed, by radiant faces, that they too believed what Miss Olive Davis told them on that occasion, that "youth is of the spirit." In fact, youth and spirit both lodged with alumnæ during those blissful days, when their voices did join and

sing "Through all the wealth of woods and waters;" and they reached their culmination in the splendid, new adaptation of the cheer, "P-E-N-D-L-E-T-O-N, Wellesley!"

It seems that this is the first year in the annals of Wellesley that alumnæ headquarters have been really quarters. But last June, No. 117 College Hall was large and airy, and attractive with ferns and fuchsias, so that when an alumna was drinking tea at the informal at-homes held most afternoons by the Executive Board in one end of the room, she might forget (but of course she never did!) that at the other end, small exchanges of courtesy could be made, like the payment of annual dues or the purchase of luncheon tickets. And, lest she and the rest should forget to present those luncheon tickets to the guard at the rope's end, notices of reminder greeted her and their eyes as well, if good luck would happen to turn them to that most useful piece of any college furniture during Commencement—the house bulletin board!

Oh, could but the alumna greet her long-separated college roommate with one hand, without letting the other hand innocently drop into an unnoticed spot, a useful thing like a trunk-check or a luncheon ticket just purchased! On the whole, she rather enjoys even the "lost and found" type of excitement, for that, too, reminds her that "youth is of the spirit." And there is no better sight than that of a group of alumnæ "each greeting each," so that the on-looking undergraduate quite longs for the time to come when she can join also in the refrain:

"Ours are the future days!
Ours for the stronger strife,
Ours for the larger life,
Helping the world.

"O'er white fields looking out,
Joyous the song we raise;
Hope overmasters doubt,
Welcome, bright days!"

F. S. M. C.

ALUMNÆ LUNCHEON.

With the joy that meeting brings after long separation, every Wellesley alumna who attends the annual luncheon of the Alumnæ Association feels there, more perhaps than at any other festivity, that

"There is right merry cheer,
There are friends true and dear."

This year the procession to the dining-room was led by the head marshal, Mrs. Ada Wing Mead, '86, who conducted the guests of honor into the College Hall dining-room. College Hall dining-room has been the scene of so many alumnæ luncheons that it is hard to picture the luncheon as being given elsewhere. This year its appearance had been transformed, not wholly by the more artistic hanging of the class pennants; not wholly by the usual banking of palms at the end, nor by the ferns in the windows; nor wholly by the vases of glorious red peonies on that long stretch of tables on the west side of the room given over to our new alumnæ—the Class of 1911; but more, perhaps, by the enclosure of the center tables by the placing of high-handled baskets at the end of each table. These baskets, filled with the class flowers of the reunion at the table, gave a desired, artistic touch.

As each reunioning class had been asked to wear its emblem or costume to the luncheon, an innovation was made by having the guests of honor seated first. Each class then entered by itself, marching to music or singing its reunion song, and was reviewed and admired by all previously seated. The Class of '81 made the triumphal entry, and was followed by '86, whose faces were more radiant than the class daisy each wore, for such honor as had come to '86 never came to a class before—or since. Then

"'91 came singing, limping on their stalwart crooks,
And wearing cap and kerchief such as one sees in books."

'91, oh, blessed be '91, for your inventive skill in song or speech or cheer or rhyme! But '96 came tripping on, singing a new and appropriate song,

"'96 would like to say
She will honor and obey
With true gladness and content
Her beloved President.

"'96 has always been
Secretary to the Dean;
What to Pendleton
Comes then nearer than her very pen?"

with graceful, silken scarfs of white and crimson.

And in jingle or in toast
Had much that they can justly boast.

Then 1901, mindful, resourceful 1901, entered with the English gathering-baskets filled to the brim with scarlet carnations, her class flower. These were a glorious setting for their loyal song, dedicated to our beloved Mrs. Durant. After 1901 came the bluebirds of 1906, and, as they sat in the bow window, their blue wings now and again seemed to flutter out between the palms. Searching for happiness are the bluebirds of 1906? But one of their flock has certainly found that the bluebird dwells with her, for her toast scintillated with winged words; and, in fact, at her own reunion she told of "The Finding of the Bluebird." 1908, that valiant band, in red felt hats, were next, and Betsy Baird was there with all the rest. And 1910, next

to our youngest alumnæ, entered then, and at this beginning of their alumnæ career quite appropriately wore morning caps of violet tulle. But even though at the morning of their alumnæ life one of their number, who talked later of service, showed an insight into life gained more from intuition, maybe—but that is sweeter far than that gained by long experience. The Class of 1911 needed no embellishment. She served well as an undergraduate, and her loyalty to her honorary member, Miss Edith Souther Tufts, was indicated by deafening applause before the afternoon was at an end.

To "write up" a spontaneous occasion, like our last alumnæ luncheon, according to an outline, is to leave the spontaneity out. And spontaneity was the general spirit of the afternoon. Nearly every reunioning class had responded, in greater or less degree, to the suggestion, made in April by the Executive Board, to furnish a jingle or jolly reunion song, and to wear either class emblems or reunion costumes to the luncheon. Reference has already been made to the clever way in which reunioning alumnæ responded to these suggestions.

As toast-mistress, the president of the Alumnæ Association, Mrs. Frances Scudder Williams, '85, herself the exponent of Wellesley's "sed ministrare," was unconsciously the introduction to the first toast—"Wellesley Women." Again the alumnæ were paid the honor of listening, first of all, to Mrs. Durant, whose theme, "Wellesley Women," expressed unending love for her girls as well as her high ideals and Mr. Durant's great ambitions for them, as they take their place in the world. The prolonged applause which greeted Mrs. Durant, both before and after her toast, was an indication of the ever-increasing loyalty with which she is enshrined in the hearts of the alumnæ. As the toast-mistress was telling of the honorary degree of Litt. D., conferred that morning by Brown University on her who was to be the second speaker, the alumnæ burst into deafening applause, which lasted long after President Pendleton rose to speak on the subject of "Essentials." But the essential in the alumnæ mind was to pay our new President the tribute that hearty applause always conveys. The two great "essentials" emphasized by President Pendleton concerned the two, most vital in all collegiate administration—loyalty and scholarship. The new adaptation of the cheer into "P-E-N-D-L-E-T-O-N—Wellesley!" seemed the culmination of rhymes and jingles whch followed from various parts of the room to celebrate the beginning of the new administration.

The third toast—"Looking Ahead—Student-Alumnæ Building," was divided between Betsy Coe Baird, '08, and Katherine Terry, '11. Whether an alumna is dealing with the first idea and the first dollar raised, as was Betsy Baird's honor, or with the latest idea and the last dollar raised among undergraduates, as was Katherine Terry's privilege, the crystallized message of them both to the alumnæ may be stated thus:

Work hard and work fast;
Save much and beg last,

'till the finishing brick of the Student-Alumnæ Building is paid for!

After "Locating a Vocation," with the facility gained by ten years' experience, Margaret Callahan Mills, '01, closed by saying, "One of our class has expressed our love for Alma Mater in the hymn which she has written and which she begs the privilege of dedicating to our honored surviving founder in the earnest hope that it may express to her the gratitude we feel for Wellesley—her life, her friendships, her ideals, her inspiring power." Copies of this hymn, written by Mary Leavens to the air of Maidstone, which appeared also on the leaflet, had been previously distributed. Mrs. Durant acknowledged this hymn in feeling words.

Mary Emogene Hazeltine, '91, agreed with her subject, "Evolution of the Modern Girl," for she said, "Of course girls have changed within the last generation, and the modern girl has evolved from the type of her predecessors because she has '91 and '81 and '86 and President Pendleton with all the rest of you to make her less self-conscious, less conventional, less dependent." . . .

The loyal note of the motto, "Sed Ministrare," began with '81 and then passed through the scale of thirty years to 1910. Mrs. Sarah Woodman Paul responded for the Class of '81—that class which so abounds in the Wellesley spirit. She referred to the return of Miss Margaret P. Waterman from her mission field in the Philippines. Of the eighteen living members of the class, fourteen were present at their reunion luncheon, when the class gift of $175 was announced. For 1910's share in this toast, Miss Caroline E. Vose stood sponsor. She emphasized clearly that "the fundamental fact about 'ministering' is the fact that it must be reduced to the point where it ceases to be conscious ministering and becomes, practically, doing what we want to do." Miss Vose spoke also of the "duty of gladness," which seems a duty easily forgotten; but "the gladness of a spirit is an index of its power."

"Loyalty to Old and New" was the toast for '96, when Cornelia Park Knæbel paid tribute to the old and to the new and especially to Wellesley's new President.

Jessie Gidley Carter, '06, wondered why 1906 should have been asked to respond to such a subject as the "Elimination of the Moral Impera-

tive." Her words, proving the contrary as true of 1906, were so succinctly and clearly stated that 1906 rises like truth and, far from eliminating, it establishes the moral imperative!

The closing toast, "Youth is of the Spirit," found sweet, loyal expression in the words of the Reunion Chairman of the Class of '86, Miss Olive Davis. Again a member of '86 stood on the dais. Just below her, on the front row, sat her class, with radiant, expectant faces, while they listened to the clever words of their classmate, who is their second member connected with the administration.

The toast list was arranged so that the initial letters spelled Wellesley, and was as follows:

Wellesley Women, Mrs. Pauline Adeline Durant
Essentials, President Ellen Fitz Pendleton, '86
Looking Ahead—Student-Alumnæ Building,
Betsy Coe Baird, '08
Katherine Terry, '11
Locating a Vocation, Margaret Callahan Mills, '01
Evolution of the Modern Girl,
Mary Emogene Hazeltine, '91
Sed Ministrare.
After Thirty Years, Sarah Woodman Paul, '81
After One Year, Caroline Eliza Vose, '10
Loyalty to Old and New, Cornelia Park Knæbel, '96
Elimination of the Moral Imperative,
Jessie Gidley Carter, '06
Youth is of the Spirit, Olive Davis, '86

After singing the Alumnæ Song, each alumna left the familiar dining-room singing in her heart:

"Swift though the years may fly,
Clouds on a stormy blast,
Safe as the fair blue sky
Bideth our Past!" F. S. M. C.

All who responded to toasts were invited to furnish them for publication in this issue. But, owing to the fact that some were extemporaneous, and that the authors of others did not reply, only the following are here to publish:

From the Class of '86.

YOUTH IS OF THE SPIRIT.

Life has advanced twenty-five years since '86 left Wellesley, but these twenty-five years are with us, so far as our youth is concerned, a mere matter of almanac and sun. Our honorable grey hairs and teadfast wrinkles witness, it is true, to the passage of the years, but these are honestly-won insignia of experience, richness of understanding, achievement, wisdom and victory. We would not, if we could, smooth out the wrinkles, nor would we part with a single grey hair. They are ours, inseparable from our achievements. She who translates them as a sign of age makes a mistake. For it is with years, dear Mrs. Durant, as it is with you; there is no old, there is no new; life is at eighty as at twenty, when the spirit reigns in the heart.

The characteristics of youth are a joyous responsiveness, a spontaneous generosity, an audacity of purpose that knows no rebuff, a democracy that is unchallenged, and a vision that makes the unattainable a reality. These are the characteristics of youth, and these are of the spirit. These are yours, dear Mrs. Durant, and ours. These are the characteristics which Wellesley must possess if she is to keep the spirit of youth.

At this, our silver anniversary, we give to you alumnæ a young president, and we take the responsibility of standing by her. Miss Pendleton, we know that you will help Wellesley to hold the spirit of youth. Do not be afraid of the Mrs. Grundys of the educational world—you have courage; moreover, '86 is behind you. You are our contribution to the education of the twentieth century. With the buoyancy of youth, launch into undiscovered seas. We will go with you to discover new lands beyond the realm of strict academic precedents. The frontier is always before us, and each generation needs pioneers to conquer it. In the days of '86, under the leadership of Alice Freeman, Wellesley was a pioneer in woman's education, did the thing thought impossible, feared no ridicule, yielded to no opposition. To-day, if Wellesley is to keep the spirit of youth, she must still be a pioneer in the education of the twentieth century.

We send you, our President, a pioneer beloved and trusted, into the new land lying before us, and in these new paths there are no ruts. The higher education of women was wild radicalism a generation ago, to-day it is a platitude; but the broadening of education, its co-ordination with life, its unchaining from academic traditions is the radicalism of to-day.

The ambition of '86 is that our President put Wellesley in the van, a leader among leaders in the new education. We call you, than, alumnæ, grow young with '86! The best is yet to be, the whole for which the first was planned. Take afresh of the spirit of youth and conquest under our first alumna president! OLIVE DAVIS, '86.

LOCATING A VOCATION.

"The Widder Douglas always told me the earth was round like a ball, but I never took any stock in a lot o' them superstitions o' hers—and, of course, I paid no attention to that one, because I could see myself that the world was the shape of a plate and flat. But I had to give in now, that the widder was right—that is—she was right as to the rest of the world, but she warn't right about the part our village is on; that part is the shape of a plate and flat—I take my oath."

Huckleberry Finn, after his trip in a balloon, had a changed point of view, and now that we've made

our ten-years' flight away from Wellesley, we find our point of view somewhat shifted, too; but we're just as convinced as he was that some of our ideas are in the right place. We've known all along that

"If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work."

We've not been as contented as the solemn rustic who asserted that the English language was good enough for him,—"'T'was what the Bible was writ in.'

We've wanted something more,—work, something to do, to do it well, better than anyone else—for each of us can do some one thing better than anyone else in the world can do it.

And that is one of the important things that we learn right here—just what we can do. We know pretty well at the end of our four years whether our talents lie along academic, administrative, executive or social lines.

And, moreover, we believe with Bishop Lawrence, that "although we go out to feed and clothe the poor, to investigate and to improve, unless we inspire, a whole city can live and still be dull and stupid."

And this—inspiration—that we strive to put into our work-a-day world, we have found in Wellesley. We come back from year to year with hearts bursting with pride and love and thankfulness to you who have inspired us.

One of our class has expressed our love for Alma Mater in the hymn which she has written, and which she begs the privilege of dedicating to our honored surviving founder, in the earnest hope that it may express to her the gratitude we feel for Wellesley—her life, her friendships, her ideals, her inspiring power.

MARGARET CALLAHAN MILLS, '01.

From the Class of '97:

EVOLUTIONS OF THE MODERN GIRL.

Of course girls have changed within the last generation, and the modern girl has evolved from the type of her predecessors because she has had '91 and '81, '86 and President Pendleton with all the rest of you to help make her less self-conscious, less conventional, less dependent.

In the good old days, which we are so prone to eulogize, she was domestic and nice, uninteresting and priggish. How far back would you be willing to go and how long would you wish to remain if the Fairy Berylune offered you the green cap and the diamond buckle? and how many would take your daughters with you?

Yes, the shy, sweet, home-keeping lassies of our grandmothers' youth are lovely to rhapsodize over; the courteous, gentle text-book maidenhood of our mothers is to be remembered with sighs for the days that are no more. The able pioneer women, loyal and brave, who evolved from lassies to be our grandmothers, the self-sacrificing, capable women, who evolved from maidens to be our mothers, with the intelligence and foresight to send us to college, and with the courage to meet the criticism of the public opinion of their world for so emancipating us, are links in the chain of the growth of this modern girl, who so appals us because she does not revert to type.

The daughters of to-day, with their broader education, their knowledge of the world, their intelligently-directed effort, their systematic use of time, their ability to deal with practical problems, stand independently shoulder to shoulder with their brothers and their brothers' chums, and with them are working out a new social order. They have none of the self-consciousness of the girl of our own time but in its place have gained a greater social consciousness.

The awakening of this social consciousness is stirring the girl of to-day to the very depths of her being. In answering its call, in feeling the thrill of this new power, this working on the constructive side of world problems,—in this passing from the home into the outside world, the modern girl has left behind her as part of her heritage of culture, courtesy, gentleness, maidenly charm, and domesticity; but we are not willing to grant that she has surrendered these qualities for all time. They are only latent, while she is absorbed in the great discovery of her kind.

The causes that make these differences in girls are so obvious as to be self-evident. They are the same causes that are changing the order of our own world. Her very education is founded on words that are acquired vocabulary for us,—investigation, research, specialist, education for efficiency (but she can't spell any of them). Education is no longer education for its own sake. She carries on independent investigation during her college work, and reports upon her findings under the direction of a specialist, that she may be prepared to use efficiently not only knowledge, but time, money and strength. The emphasis in education has changed from the classics and belles lettres to the humanities, the social sciences, the practical things of life. The modern girl, the product of her time, is learning to do things, is studying equality, is investigating the brotherhood of men, and acquiring social efficiency.

The chief justice of Wisconsin, in a recent address before a body of college students, deplored the change of emphasis in life, saying that the tendency of the age is to place emphasis on comforts, luxuries and material achievement, to the exclusion of

the things of the mind and the soul. The modern girl naturally puts the emphasis where her elders do. If the Puritanic Sunday is passing, as it surely is in the West, and the continental one is taking its place, if there is more luxury and more care for things material, and less apparent seriousness, if there are a hundred things that we deplore in the rising generation, it is, after all, the modern girl, who is of the generation, who must rise to its occasions and needs, and work them out. Can and will she do it?

The great coeducational state institutions of the West, equalizing opportunity as they do, are, and of necessity must be the very center of the growth of social consciousness. In serving the state, individual culture is, to a certain extent, lost sight of in the material advancement of the commonwealth.

The more carefully educated Wellesley student, with her traditions of culture, her finely-trained taste, her sense of the fitness of things, her emphasis upon things of the spirit, has somewhat of her relation to the community as a whole to learn from her Western sister. But in attaining social efficiency let us hope she will not lose the finer graces that give distinction to a Wellesley girl.

Those of us who have lived at a long distance from Wellesley, meeting only an occasional graduate of these newer years, can hardly be expected to make a just comparison between the girl of to-day and the one of our own time. She is like the modern girl everywhere, a product of her time first of all, then of mother and aunts, teachers, guardians and friends, who have brought her up with Wellesley ideals; so that, being both modern and grounded in the faith of the founders, she is safe and sane in that utilitarian age. Long life to the modern Wellesley girl, with her ideals, her faith, her opportunity to keep the leaven for other modern girls. Again, long life and with it depths of joy to her whom we would wish ourselves to be, if the pendulum could swing for us. MARY EMOGENE HAZELTINE.

And second, from the Class of 1910:

SED MINISTRARE.

After One Year.

After Mrs. Paul's toast I feel I must ask you to be lenient with me, and say tolerantly of me as the Red Queen did of the White Queen in "Alice in Wonderland," "She means well, but she can't help saying foolish things as a general rule."

The subject, "Sed Ministrare,—After One Year," has fallen to 1910. When we left college last June we had, perhaps, an "oppressive sense of personal responsibility." There was no danger of our not living up to the Wellesley motto—rather there was the danger of our over living up to it. We hated to leave college because we wondered how it would get along without us. We feared the departure of 1910 might be a serious detriment to its future progress.

Still we heard the world calling to us to come and right its wrongs, and serious, earnest, determined, we obeyed the call. Now, a year has gone by, and we have come back home to tell you all about it. Incidentally we have come back to find that the college has borne our loss remarkably well. In fact, it has attained one of its greatest achievements in securing Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton for its president.

Our ideas of service, though just as exalted as ever, have nevertheless changed somewhat. Molly Make-Believe says, you remember, "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is a sense of humor." This one year has taught us that though "this is a big world, and it is a serious business to live in it," yet a sense of humor is a great help. . . . This does not mean an unkind sense of humor, which makes fun of everybody and everything, but it means that sense of humor which saves many a situation, and which often aids where nothing else would. Such a sense of humor is not to be underestimated. Mr. Crothers writes, "If the universe had a place for everything and everything was in its place, there would be little demand for humor." As a matter of fact, the world is full of all sorts of people, and they are not all in their proper places. That a thing is not to be taken seriously does not imply that it is either unreal or unimportant.

It has taken us a year, too, to grasp one fundamental fact about "ministering" which, doubtless, you all knew long ago, that is, the fact that it must be reduced to the point where it ceases to be conscious ministering and becomes practically doing what we want to do. The world seems to be looking not so much for grave, earnest, professed "doers of good" as it does for gay, happy people, who have no declared notions of philanthropy. May I quote Mr. Crothers again, who says with truth, "that we detest heartily the person who confers a benefit upon us with an air that says, 'I have come to do you good. I have no selfish gratification in what I am doing for you, but a sense of duty has triumphed over my personal inclination.'" We agree also with this writer in believing that we must not try to monopolize the kindness! We must be kind to our neighbors in such a way as not to interfere with their plans for being kind to us! This last idea is not so easy to work out, though it sounds simple enough.

Our wide experience in the world has taught us another duty which is, perhaps, the most important of all, the duty of gayety, of gladness. Somehow this seems a duty easily forgotten, or at any rate, neglected. . . . Stevenson expressed his appreciation of happy people in the words, "There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being

happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating power of good will, and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted."

These are the thoughts 1910 brings to you after her one year out of college, the thoughts "Sed ministrare" call to her mind, that in her humble judgment the world needs more humor, humor of the best and gentlest kind; that it wants to be served by people who do it joyously, and in such a way that they themselves are hardly aware that they are serving at all, and that it needs people who are willing to give the other person a chance to be kind, too, but that, above all, the world needs glad, happy people, people who remember that "the gladness of a spirit is an index of its power."

CAROLINE ELIZA VOSE.

AN ALUMNÆ HYMN TO WELLESLEY.

DEDICATED WITH LOVE, HONOR AND GRATITUDE TO MRS. HENRY FOWLE DURANT.

Non ministrari sed ministrare.

Alma Mater, beautiful
Is thy shining memory,
Leading us through grateful years
To a life serene and free.
Though we cannot comprehend
All to us thou wert, and art,
Yet a deeper world unfolds
In the light thou dost impart.

Thine the prophet's glorious task
To prepare the way of youth—
Ours shall be the will to live
As disciples of the truth.
So at last when labor ends
And our day has reached the west,
Visions kept and service done
Shall thy ministry attest.

Written for the tenth anniversary of the Class of 1901.

IN MEMORIAM.

During the five years since its last reunion, the Class of 1886 has lost but one member, our beloved Flora Smeallie Ward.

As the memory of the class goes back to undergraduate days, there arises a picture of a frank, happy girl with a voice of appealing quality, with an intense love of nature and of beauty in all its forms, and with a genius for friendship. Her superb health, her optimistic outlook and her keen sense of humor made her influence a peculiarly sane and helpful one. She was always ready to sing, or, with equal enthusiasm, to write music for the rhymes of class frolics, or to arrange and harmonize an old German melody for our Tree Day song, Alma Mater.

As the years have passed, we have learned to know her as a tender, faithful daughter, an inspiring teacher, a devoted wife, a wonderful mother, a steadfast friend, and as one whose life, by common testimony, was a benediction to hundreds in the community in which she lived.

During the long months of battle against disease, her cheerful courage never faltered. She seemed to think only of regaining her strength for the sake of those she loved, and by her indomitable will she sustained not only herself, but those about her.

Her life was strong and joyous. "She died as she had lived, scattering sunshine." To the end she fulfilled our college motto, "Non ministrari sed ministrare."

For the Class.

ANNA BROADWELL DAVIDSON,
SUSAN WADE PEABODY,
ADA WING MEAD.

THE STUDENT-ALUMNÆ BUILDING.

Is it old or new, the story of this eager endeavor to raise the money necessary for Wellesley's Student-Alumnæ Building? To the more recent alumnæ, who have strained their undergraduate allowances to meet the relentless demands of an insatiable committee, it is all familiar history; to the earlier alumnæ it is, perhaps, still new.

It was during the year 1907-1908 that the president of Student Government first brought the matter of a Student-Alumnæ Building to the attention of the college. A hearty response was immediate. The need for such a building had been keenly felt among many of the larger eastern colleges; some had already secured their buildings, others were still working toward that end. Smith was the first college for women to provide such a building. Mount Holyoke is now busily raising funds, and the end of their campaign is already in sight. All the causes prompting this endeavor in other institutions were found to be existent at Wellesley, and, in addition, many conditions peculiar to Wellesley were particularly urgent in their demand for correction.

All of these conditions still prevail, becoming intensified each year as the college grows steadily larger. College Hall Chapel and the Barn are hopelessly inadequate for the requirements of the college in its present proportions, and the serious overcrowding and the resulting duplication of social

events are most undesirable. Social inequalities, caused in part by the societies, even yet narrowly restricted in membership, demand a social center open equally to all. The relative isolation of the Freshmen, making it difficult and at times impossible for them to understand or appreciate the relationships, principles and ideals of the college, call strongly for opportunities for informal, natural daily association of all the students.

To the alumnæ, the establishment of a permanent office devoted to matters of alumnæ interest, the providing of parlors and dining-rooms where all alumnæ returning to Wellesley may find hospitality waiting particularly for them, the adequate resources of the banquet hall for the accommodation of the alumnæ luncheon, the closer association of undergraduates and alumnæ, undoubtedly of mutual advantage—all these benefits furnish ample incentive for effort to secure this building.

During the first two years the efforts to raise money were under the direction of an undergraduate committee, whose chief sources of revenue were the undergraduates themselves, and the most recent alumnæ, who had known the plan as undergraduates. In June, 1910, a committee of alumnæ was appointed by the Alumnæ Association to cooperate with the undergraduate committee for the purpose of securing a broader range for the work, and of assuming direction of certain of its phases which the undergraduates were not in a position to undertake.

Both committees are working eagerly for the early fulfillment of the plan. The undergraduates are, as always, limited in time and resources. They had, however, succeeded in raising by June, 1910, $12,136.23. Their methods of raising money are varied and interesting; they sell ice-cream at college parties and plays, they collect and sell tinfoil and cream jars, they make frequent collections of stray pennies among the girls of the various houses, individuals devote the money earned by some particular form of labor to the increase of the fund, and societies and other organizations contribute generously. Such methods add constantly, though in modest amounts, to the fund. This fall comes the great undergraduate effort of the last two years—a huge fair at Thanksgiving time, the profits from which will, it is hoped, add conspicuously to the fund.

It is evident that the chief activity in behalf of this fund must be among the alumnæ. During the winter just past, appeals have been sent to the various Wellesley clubs throughout the country, asking for their help in the work. The responses have been generous. The Boston Wellesley Club gave two performances of "The Spanish Gypsy," which netted $1,116.50. The Worcester Club produced "A Midsummer Night's Dream," clearing $400. The Philadelphia Club gave a musicale and raised $165. The Minneapolis Club sent $84, and the Cleveland Club $75. A new Wellesley club was organized in Kansas City, which immediately contributed to the fund its initiation fees, $60. Other clubs have replied cordially to the appeal, and will be heard from this fall, no doubt. Mention should be made also of several earlier gifts, $3,569.50 from the Chicago Club, $660.15 from the New York Club and $301.52 from the Philadelphia Club.

Requests were sent also to the various classes having reunions last June, and the responses included $50 from 1881, $175 from 1891, $100 from 1906, $170 from 1908 and $800 from 1910. A number of reunion gifts were also devoted to this purpose prior to the appointment of the alumnæ committee, notably $300 from 1906, $2,001 from 1908 and $1,000 from 1909.

There have been some large gifts from individuals, including $500 from a member of 1906, $500 from a member of 1908, and $1,000 from a member of 1912. A sum has also been raised through the sale of "Gold and Blue" cards at Christmas time, in which the alumnæ and undergraduates joined.

At the last report the total amount credited to the fund was $22,317.78. A large part of this money is on deposit with the National Shawmut Bank of Boston, and a smaller amount with the Wellesley National Bank, all accounts drawing interest.

In May the alumnæ committee sent to all alumnæ of the college a circular containing two suggested plans for the building, drawn by Miss Eliza Newkirk, '00. Both plans are similar in main outlines, providing for an auditorium with a stage, a dancing and banquet hall, parlors for alumnæ and students, small dining-rooms and kitchens, and offices for several college organizations. With these plans as a basis of discussion, it is thought that alumnæ, through local clubs, or individually, and students still in college, may furnish valuable and much-needed suggestions as to the necessary rooms to be included in the building and the most desirable arrangement for them. The building is to belong peculiarly to the students and alumnæ, and should represent, as far as possible, their wishes and ideas in regard to its construction.

As a result of the consideration of these tentative plans, there has come an interesting new feature in the announcement of gifts. At their third reunion in 1911, 1908 set aside $170 to be used for the corner-stone of the building. The class further undertook to raise a definite sum for its fifth reunion gift to the fund, voting that this sum, together with the money previously contributed by the class, should be used in payment for the large lounging room, undoubtedly to be included in the building. The

class is deriving increased enthusiasm from the knowledge that its work is for a particular portion of the building. Other organizations will, no doubt, be interested to make definite dispositions of their gifts.

The amount of money necessary for a building such as Wellesley requires is large, from $100,000 to $150,000. We have made only a beginning, yet a good one. The contributionsw, hich are being received steadily, indicate a gratifying enthusiasm among the alumnæ. When the alumnæ committee has developed a more comprehensive plan of appeal, progress should be still more rapid.

The alumnæ committee begs for expressions of interest and suggestions for the work from all the alumnæ. May not each and every alumna contribute to the fund some amount, no matter how small, this very year? If that is not possible, contribute advice and ideas. Any one of the committee will receive gladly any suggestions. Help us to make the dream a reality in a very few years.

ALICE CRARY BROWN.

The Alumnæ Committee for the Student-Alumnæ Building consists of:

Mary Elizabeth Holmes, '92, Chairman, Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass.

Alice Crary Brown, '08, Secretary, 19 Franklin street, Westfield, Mass.

Mrs. Charles T. Van Winkle, '96, 405 Second Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Eliza Jacobus Newkirk, '00, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Betsy Coe Baird, '08, 130 East 67th Street, New York City.

THE WELLESLEY GRADUATE COUNCIL.

A tendency toward greater unity of organization in alumni bodies is becoming the salient feature in the evolution of alumni associations of the leading colleges and universities. Only a small proportion of the alumni of, for example, any eastern college reside in the East; but the alumni are west and north and south. The problem of uniting alumni of such varied activities becomes the problem of securing greater alumni efficiency—a factor equally desired by alumni and alma maters.

Dating back to the early incorporation of Wellesley, it is true that the college owes much of her present liberality to the diversity of characteristics brought her by students *from* all parts of the country. When those students become alumnæ they return *to* all parts of the country. Their alumnæ interests in the Board of Trustees are meanwhile faithfully conserved by their three alumnæ representatives in that body. Their connection, on the other hand, as individuals, with their Alma Mater is through one general organization, with but one general meeting each year—the annual business meeting of the Alumnæ Association. The attendance on that occasion is largely by members of reunioning classes. This does not insure geographical representation. At that one meeting, moreover, there must be massed the business of the association for the previous twelve months, and reports of eleven committees heard, and recommendations discussed and adopted.

As has been found true in other alumni associations, the largest power ever given Wellesley's graduate body was the prerogative to elect from its membership three representatives on the Board of Trustees. There is this important fact, however, to be held constantly in mind, that that directorate, in its capacity as the Board of Trustees of Wellesley College, must consider financial and academic questions and educational policies of great scope. It might often happen, therefore, that matters of great educational weight would have to be neglected were alumnæ affairs to claim an unfair proportion of its deliberations. Justice on both sides would naturally suggest the advisability of establishing what Dartmouth alumni have most appropriately called an Alumni Clearing House.

There is still a third factor to be taken into consideration,—that of the Wellesley clubs. Throughout the country there are but twenty-two registered Wellesley Clubs, only fourteen of which complied last May with the request of the Executive Board to send their annual reports to the association. There are, therefore, almost seventy-five per cent. of the alumnæ who are not members of Wellesley clubs. There is, in consequence, a large proportion of alumnæ who are not cognizant of what the active alumnæ are doing and what they themselves might do to promote the interests of the college, from either the undergraduate or alumnæ view-point. Their inactivity need, by no means, indicate lack of loyalty, ability or generosity. But this has been due to lack of opportunity offered them for definite action or system. This lack of system shows in so many detrimental results that to counteract the one and obviate the other the Executive Board of the Alumnæ Association presented at the recent business meeting of that organization the plan for a Graduate Council. From the time since the 1910-12 Executive Board came into office, it has felt that there was need for a bond between the alumnæ and the college administration; and it believes that this need will be met by a small representative (i. e., geographical) definitely chosen graduate body, which shall act as a clearing-house for the larger Alumnæ Association. The Executive Board recognized also as an additional reason for organizing such a graduate body, that it was necessary to do

so if the Wellesley Alumnæ Association is to keep abreast of the activities in similar organizations. The plan, therefore, of organizing such a body, to be known as the Graduate Council, was therefore presented as one of the recommendations of the Executive Board for the consideration of the alumnæ, and voted upon by them at the annual business meeting of the association on June twenty-first.

The purpose of this council is definitely stated in that plan as follows: "That, as our alumnæ are increasing in large numbers and are scattered more and more widely, it will be of advantage to them and to the college that an organized, accredited group of alumnæ shall be chosen from different parts of the country to confer with the college authorities on matters affecting both alumnæ and undergraduate interests, as well as to furnish the college by this group the means of testing the sentiment of Wellesley women throughout the country on any matter." The rest of the plan will be later quoted in full.

The value of co-operation between a college and her alumni is a recognized fact that has taken definite shape in many of the leading universities and colleges, as, for example, at Princeton, under the name of "The Graduate Council." At Yale a similar body is known as the "Alumni Advisory Board;" at Smith as the "Alumnæ Council," and at Dartmouth a similar organization is proposed under the name of the "Auxiliary Committee of the Dartmouth Alumni." Without exception, these smaller graduate bodies, known as councils, with their subdivision, in some cases, into active committees, have become agents, as it were, for the larger alumni associations. Each of the councils above mentioned, Dartmouth excepted, has already been established for five years; and the efficacy of each one can be readily seen even in a brief record of their administration.

The Graduate Council of Princeton was the first of its kind in the country, and since its inception the secretary, Mr. H. G. Murray, has assisted in organizing graduate councils at six other universities. During its existence at Princeton, this Graduate Council has collected about three million dollars for running expenses and general endowment; it has brought the university and schools into closer contact, solidified the alumni, and brought them into closer touch with the administration, and proved itself of great value in many ways. The work of the Graduate Council of Princeton University is easily recognized to be of great scope; and it considers that the secret of the success of any council depends upon the quality of the membership. In the case of that at Princeton itself, the rule of dropping any member who fails to attend two consecutive meetings excludes the drones.

At Yale University the idea of an Alumni Advisory Board was first officially endorsed by President Hadley in his report of June, 1904. After referring to the loyalty and generosity of Yale alumni, it was the opinion of President Hadley that it is Yale's "duty not only to lay special stress on those parts of her work, where the co-operation of a large and loyal student body is necessary, but also to seek by every possible means the advice of her graduates and to admit them to the largest measure of control of her affairs which the conditions will allow." In 1904, Yale's need seemed very great for a body of alumni who should come from all sections of the country and meet less frequently than the Yale corporation. This problem was eventually solved by President Hadley's proposition for an Alumni Council "truly national in its representation and giving to the alumni of the various parts of the country that voice in the councils of the institution to which they are so well entitled." This plan, originated and developed by the secretary of the university, Mr. Stokes, became what is now known as the "Yale Alumni Advisory Board." The proceedings of this body are now of such importance that in the minutes of the corporation there is this statement: "Any communications from this board shall be regarded by the corporation as privileged business, to be considered without delay." Matters referred to this board have been of the following nature: Regarding the advisability of increasing tuition charges, university representation at alumni meetings, ways of preventing the Sunday exodus and methods of stimulating undergraduate intellectual ambition.

Harvard alumni have no graduate or alumni council so-called. The nearest approach is afforded by the board of twelve directors of the Alumni Association, and also by the Board of Overseers, chosen by the alumni. This board consists of thirty men elected in groups of five for terms of six years. The Harvard Corporation consists of seven men, usually residing near Boston. But as the Board of Overseers meets less frequently, its members can and have come from as far west as Seattle. Although these bodies at Harvard are not graduate or alumni councils per se, yet they were mentioned to show that the famous Massachusetts university values geographical representation also.

Five years ago the Smith alumnæ established an Alumnæ Council. Its need was expressed by the president of the Alumnæ Association as follows: "As our alumnæ grew in numbers, we found it more and more difficult to keep them in touch with the college and with each other, though individually most loyal. Our alumnæ trustees wanted a smaller body to go to or to refer to." All of these objects

are acknowledged to have been realized by the Smith Alumnæ Council.

Dartmouth alumni have expressed their need for a council in these pertinent words: "The remedy for this situation lies in some action analogous to that already taken by many of the other colleges and universities,—the creation of a new alumni organization to act as a clearing-house for alumni affairs and as spokesman for alumni sentiment."

The effective work of graduate councils, such as those briefly described, seemed to justify the proposition that Wellesley alumnæ also should have their Graduate Council. Through its agency there is predicted a practical means for the college to approach its alumnæ on a working business basis; and through its co-operation Wellesley alumnæ, even in distant sections, will be given the opportunity to evince their loyalty to their Alma Mater by active support of old and enthusiastic organization of new Wellesley clubs. While the plan for the council allows for five members-at-large from scattered localities where there are no Wellesley clubs, yet these would by no means be representative of the large body of alumnæ—the almost seventy-five per cent. who are not members of a Wellesley club. In order for Wellesley, therefore, to secure in proportion to the number of her graduates, as just a geographical representation in her new Graduate Council, as is true of the universities and colleges that have been herein considered, a large number of new Wellesley Clubs must be organized. Their ratio of representation in the council is stated in the second section of the plan, which follows:

PLAN FOR THE GRADUATE COUNCIL.*

*Presented by the Executive Board and voted upon at the alumnæ business meeting, June 21, 1911.

1. Object.
2. Members.
   a. The President and Dean of the college, ex-officio.
   b. Ten members of the Academic Council. These shall be chosen by that body. No more than two of the ten elected shall be alumnæ.
   c. The Alumnæ.
      1. The three alumnæ trustees.
      2. The members of the Executive Board of the Alumnæ Association.
      3. One councillor shall be elected from and by each Wellesley Club of twenty-five to one hundred members. Any club of more than one hundred members shall be entitled to one councillor for each additional one hundred members. In the case of contiguous clubs of less than twenty-five members, these may unite and be represented by one councillor. Five councillors-at-large shall be appointed by the council from scattered localities where there are no Wellesley Clubs.
   d. All members of the council shall serve for two years, with the exception of the two ex-officio members, who are permanent. The membership of this council shall be complete by November twentieth of every alternate year. Notice of the election of each councillor shall be sent by that date to the secretary of the council.
3. Officers.
   a. The officers of the Alumnæ Association shall fill the corresponding offices in the council and shall serve for the same period of years.
   b. Executive Committee.

      This committee shall be composed of five members, who shall be the President and Secretary of the council; one of the alumnæ trustees to be chosen annually by themselves and two members-at-large, whose names shall be presented by a nominating committee appointed by the council. These members-at-large shall be elected in the first year of the council at its February meeting; and in succeeding years at its annual meeting.
4. Meetings.
   a. Annual.

      The annual meeting shall be held at the college in June at any time previous to the meeting of the Alumnæ Association. The council shall then take action on the report of the Executive Committee which will then present this report at the annual meeting of the Alumnæ Association.
   b. Other Meetings.
      1. Of the Executive Committee.

         Meetings of the Executive Committee shall be held on the call of the President of the Graduate Council or of the President of the college, at a time and place to be agreed upon by both.
      2. Of the Graduate Council.

         The Graduate Council shall meet at the college for a period of three days or less, in February following the mid-year examinations. Special meetings may be called on the written request of twenty members.

This simple plan will be the system of organization to be followed. During the time that this matter of a Graduate Council has been deliberately considered, the cordial co-operation of the alumni

bodies referred to has been of inestimable value; and the writer wishes herewith to express her indebtedness to them all. One of these secretaries has recently written: "I am much interested to hear that the alumnæ of Wellesley College are working to form a closer organization, and you may be sure that we shall be glad to do whatever we can to help you."

This plan for a Graduate Council has, therefore, been wrought out of need and pride for our progressive work as an Alumnæ Association and out of loyalty to secure greater alumnæ efficiency for our Alma Mater, of whose co-operation we have received most friendly assurance.

FLORENCE S. MARCY CROFUT.

In further issues of the MAGAZINE there will be a column, corresponding to the Free Press in the weekly COLLEGE NEWS, in which alumnæ are requested to speak on all things pertaining to college or alumnæ interests, to protest against any existing conditions, to agree or disagree with opinions expressed in articles of this department. They are urged to ask questions concerning alumnæ matters which alumnæ are invited to answer, and to freely and frankly approve or disapprove—but it is hoped in friendly criticism—of the alumnæ part and its playing in the new WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS.

The difficulty in editing this first issue of our new venture has come, not from the scarcity of material, but from its abundance. Therefore, preference has been given to that which seemed most important, that which should reach the alumnæ as soon as possible—please note especially the articles on "Student-Alumnæ Building" and "Graduate Council"—in order to be timely and effective. The NEWS, as such, will follow immediately, one week only intervening between this first magazine number and the first weekly notes. ALUMNÆ EDITOR.

THE IRISH PLAYERS.

That the famous Irish Players at the Plymouth Theater, Boston, have scored a phenomenal success is evidenced at every performance when the seating capacity of this beautiful playhouse is severely tested. Not only has the theater-going public raved over the remarkable genius displayed by this wonderfully clever organization, but the conservative critics of the entire Boston press unanimously declared them to be the one great dramatic novelty of the decade. For example, the Boston Post said: "The Irish Players scored a tremendous success when the final curtain ended the wonderfully-realistic climax of 'Birthright;' the audience were carried away by their enthusiasm for the artistic simplicity of the Irish Players, and applauded for more than five minutes." The Boston Herald said: "These plays were acted with a simplicity, a regard for the effect of the ensemble and a desire to serve the dramatist, that are rarely found on the stage to-day; these actors remind one of the best traditions of the French school." The Boston American said: "The genius of true acting was seen last night at the Plymouth Theater when the Irish Players thrilled a great audience by their splendid production of three of their plays; it was the inaugural presentation in America of a stage style which, in many of its fea-

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tures, marks a new departure in domestic drama." The Boston Globe said: "The acting of the Irish Players is as unconventional as their plays. Simplicity and naturalness is what they strive for and what they accomplish. They ignore all stage traditions with the results that are amazingly effective and impressive." The Boston Journal said: "It was a night of surprises—of new views of the dramatic world; of strange environments, of novel, pungent phrases and, as a rule, strikingly faithful interpretations; in a word, of unprecedented theatrical pleasures,"

All the other papers were in accordance with the above.

The engagement of the Irish Players is limited, and lovers of the real art of acting would do well to pay the Plymouth Theater a visit before the engagement ends. The management of the Plymouth Theater, which, by the way, is one of the most perfect theaters in Boston, make a special feature of caring for mail orders.—Adv.

(Continued from page 10)

BOOK REVIEWS.

lery under the assumed name of Deaderick. He saves Stonewall Jackson's life at Sharpsburg (Antietam) by tossing from the hilltop a shell about to explode at the general's feet. This is the story; the history is the picture of General Jackson. He is shown at Bull Run where his soubriquet of Stonewall is given him. We have the campaign in the valley, Winchester, Bath, Romney, Kernstown, Rude's Hill, McDowell, Fort Royal, Port Republic; then his strange inaction of June the 27th, in the midst of the Seven Days' Battle, his tornado-like attack at Chancellorsville on the Federal right, his evening reconnaissance and his fall before the weapons of his own men. The last days of the great strategist's life are given in fulness. At the close of the book we catch a glimpse again of the story: Jackson has recognized Cleave in the artilleryman Deaderick, and promises to let him have a court of inquiry. "The bells tolled, the bells tolled in Richmond from each of her seven hills!" The city wailed a chieftain, "wailed, as many have wailed the trumpets when Priam brought Hector home."

"Facts for Freshmen," published by the University of Illinois, Urbana, differs decidedly from most university hand-books in being attractively printed, neatly bound and readable. Its author, Dean T. A. Clark, professes to give information about the University of Illinois alone, but his advice as to studies, habits and fraternities is based upon so much knowledge of college life and boy nature as to be useful anywhere.—The Independent.

The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia, sends forth its "American Jewish Yearbook," 5672 (1911-1912), (50 cents), just as the Jewish New Year is approaching, September 23, 1911. In addition to the usual statistical data, "The Passport Question" between our Government and Russia is extensively treated. The report of the fourth annual meeting of the American Jewish Committee—an organization aiming to look after Jewish welfare everywhere—embraces the immigration and naturalization questions and also the recent activities of Russia, the fiendish foe of the persecuted people.—The Independent.

"Economic Beginnings of the Far West," by Katharine Coman, author of "Industrial History of the United States," etc. Macmillan Company, 1911.

"The history of that portion of the United States that lies west of the Mississippi has never been adequately written. True, there are numerous state histories, but there has been no systematic interpretation of that spontaneous Western movement in population which seized upon the first sections of the Louisiana purchase and drove our Spanish and British predecessors from the field. The struggle of the races and the final victory of the American was no less dramatic here than on the Atlantic coast, and the outcome was even more evidently due to the resourcefulness, the pluck and economic virtues of the American pioneer. The writing of this remarkable history Miss Coman has wrought out during a number of years of sojourn on the Pacific coast, in the Cordilleran states and on the eastern slope of the Rockies."

"The Moral and Religious Challenge of Our Times," by Henry Churchill King, president of Oberlin College. Macmillan Company, 1911.

"The whole question of the moral and religious development of the race is the world problem which President King faces in his new book. He points out how in this development the basic principle of reverence for personality has been unconsciously a guiding principle. For the purpose of determining what challenge the outstanding external features of the present life of the world bring to the moral and religious forces, he makes a careful survey of these features. After he has done the same for the new inner world of thought he turns for the light to be found from the historical trend, especially of Western civilization, dealing with the problem a little more closely as revealed in our own national life. In conclusion he takes up the program of Western civilization and its spread over the world."

NEWS OF THE WEEK

THURSDAY, OCT. 5, 1911.

IMPORTANT MATTERS DISCUSSED IN FIRST STUDENT GOVERNMENT MEETING.

At the first Student Government meeting, held September 29 in College Hall Chapel, in addition to the usual first business, two important events took place; first, the election of the delegate to the conference of Women's Intercollegiate Student Government Association, to be held this year at Barnard College. Katharine Bingham, as President of the Association, will attend the conference. This conference is to be held in November; the definite date to be announced later.

Any student or alumna of Wellesley College who may happen to be in New York City at that time is most cordially invited to be present at any open meeting of the conference.

The second business of chief importance was the reading of the report of the Committee on Non-Academic Interests. The report, with an explanation by Katharine Bingham, is given below.

On May 26, 1911, the Academic Council voted to accept for two years, beginning September, 1911, the following plan proposed by a committee of seventeen students appointed by the Student Government Executive Board, in conference with the Faculty Committee on Non-Academic Interests.

The Student Government Association, believing that it is for the best interests of the Association that this plan be given a fair trial, and seeing the advisability of enthusiastic and active support, asks that the heads of student organizations and members of the Association will do all that lies in their power to make this trial a success. The Association confidently expects every member to support this new plan with true student government loyalty.

KATHARINE BINGHAM,
President of the Wellesley College Student Government Association.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NON-ACADEMIC INTERESTS IN CONFERENCE WITH STUDENTS.

I.

MEMBERSHIP IN STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS.

(1) Any student may belong to the following five organizations:
- (a) The Student Government Association
- (b) The Christian Association
- (c) The Athletic Association
- (d) The Barnswallow Society
- (e) Class Organizations.

(2) Any student may support passively, i. e., by mere membership, the following six organizations:
- (a) Philosophy Club
- (b) Educational Society
- (c) Social Study Club
- (d) Consumers' League
- (e) College Settlements Association
- (f) Equal Suffrage League.

(3) Any student may belong to one of the following six organizations:
- (a) Spanish Club
- (b) Deutscher Verein
- (c) Alliance Francaise
- (d) Magazine Club
- (e) Scribblers' Club
- (f) Debating Club.

Membership in the six societies is regarded as a reward of merit and does not exclude from membership in one of the above-mentioned clubs. The members of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs are regarded as taking part in a performance for which there are regular rehearsals and so may be classified under the point system.

The State Clubs take no extra time as they come at the dinner hour and the meetings are over at seven-thirty, so they need not come under any of the above classifications.

Any girl may, once a year, change her membership from one club to another.

II.

GROUPING OF ORGANIZATIONS.

The organizations shall be grouped as relates their time of meeting, in the following manner:

Group 1.
- (a) State Clubs
- (b) Public performances of the Music Department
- (c) Public performances of the Elocution Department
- (d) Department Clubs:
  - Philosophy Club
  - Deutscher Verein
  - Alliance Francaise
  - Spanish Club
  - Education Club
  - Social Study Club
  - Debating Club
  - Magazine Club
  - Scribblers' Club.

(Continued on page 33.)

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, Muriel Bacheler, 1912
ASSOCIATE EDITOR, Cathrene H. Peebles, 1912
LITERARY EDITORS.
Margaret Law, 1912 Marjorie Sherman, 1912
Helen Logan, 1913 Kathleen Burnett, 1913
BUSINESS MANAGER, Frances Gray, 1912
SUBSCRIPTION EDITOR, Dorothy Blodgett, 1912
ASSOCIATE BUSINESS MANAGER, Josephine Guion, 1913
ALUMNÆ EDITOR, Bertha March, 1895
ADVERTISING BUSINESS MANAGER, Bertha M. Beckford, Wellesley College.

The WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS is published weekly from October to July, by a board of editors chosen from the student body.

All literary contributions may be sent to Miss Muriel Bacheler, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest will be received by Miss Cathrene H. Peebles, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All Alumnæ News should be sent to Miss Bertha March, Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

All business communications should be sent to Miss Frances Gray, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent to Miss Dorothy Blodgett, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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ON A PARTICULAR NEWNESS.

Newness! It glows in paint and windows and note-books; it throbs in plans and enthusiasms; it gilds these early days of our year. And yet—the COLLEGE NEWS has a certain wistful fear that it may not be known for the newness of its garb.

When it was decided that the NEWS was to appear once a month in magazine form, it was necessary to devise some uniform appearance for it. And—let the dash hide many deliberations, many consultations, plans and disagreements uncountable—the result is the present cover. We very much hope you will like it—liking it extremely well ourselves, yet thinking with regret of old ways that are passed. We hope that you will think of many things when you see it—the fair outdoors of our most beautiful college, with its oak-leaves, its woods, haunt of tiny furry things, most of all of our college's steadfast endeavoring to give us the knowledge that is light and truth.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT.

In the wealth of opportunity here at Wellesley, there is wealth of choice. The Freshmen, to whom especially the "number of things" which succeed in making us all as "happy as kings" are at first bewildering, soon find opportunity to unpack the sound advice of the home-people and show their wisdom and their individual inclinations in making selection among these many things.

Yet there is one good thing in the large company of them which is unique, in that it is not only good, but best,—always excepting the Christian Association!—and is chosen by every person who comes to Wellesley, by virtue of that very fact of coming. A double-headed proposition which it behooves the NEWS to prove!

Student Government is this best thing because it is the concrete expression of the strongest thing

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in us—our will-power. Not for a moment can we expect the Student Government Association to attain its full stature and vigor until it is the definite, hearty purposing of each student in the college; the wills of many have made it the fine thing it is, but the wills of all are to make it the far finer thing it will be. Yet there is more than strength in Student Government. It could not exist if we could not claim the good gift of sympathy—if we could not find our keenest gladness in standing shoulder to shoulder with other people. That is a big thing to be saying, but it is true. Not the fineness of self-control, nor the training in responsibility, nor the good enthusiasm and devotion to an ideal, is what makes the minds of alumnæ turn back to Student Government in memory and desire. The instinct for unselfishness that has somehow gotten into us is the root and reason of Student Government. Then let who will sniff "Police Patrol!" Let who will attend Student Government meetings with a bored expression and an embroidery bag—these are few, and growing fewer. Moreover, they are the ones who do not care to think clearly and to feel deeply, who have not found out the proud meaning of "community" and "control."

Truly, Student Government is a thing for enthusiasm, for cheering and for pride. It is a thing for more than that—for thinking, for determination, for splendid advance.

And the NEWS is not ashamed of its enthusiasm, which is red-hot, nor of the length of its editorial—for the support of Student Government is the high privilege of each one of us who have chosen Wellesley, and so have made our choice of Student Government.

A PLEA.

The NEWS begs all its readers to express themselves very frankly in regard to this, the new "combined" publication of Wellesley College. We have taken hints from any and every available source—if we may make so bold, witness the contents on the cover and compare the Atlantic Monthly!—and we have done our level best. But do not be afraid—the level best of one week is the unusually poor of the next week, if you have a purpose always pulling, pulling at your standards until they are raised to the breaking point, and then—pulling some more! So with full determination to do its best and keep on doing better, the NEWS bespeaks most earnestly your interest and patience, but especially your criticism. Let it be frank, let it be scathing, but let it come to us, realizing that the NEWS belongs to you, and often has an opportunity to advance or retard Wellesley's good fame among other colleges, and that the one desire of the editors is to make it worthy of the college whose name it bears.

¶ A cordial invitation is extended to Wellesley Students to visit

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It would be impossible to mention in this small space all the sections which are showing new attractions at this season, but we believe the following will be of special interest . . . . . .

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ADDRESS IN MEMORY OF MR. DURANT.

On the first Sunday of the college year, September 24, in accordance with the custom of the college, an address was delivered at the vesper service, in memory of Mr. Durant. This year the speaker was Miss Louise Manning Hodgkins, Professor of English Literature from 1877 to 1891. Miss Hodgkins first emphasized the value of a good start. More is gained by a good view at the outset, she said, than by much activity afterward—and, because of the too great importance of the place which things are apt to take in the mind, the necessity of taking stock early of the great and good spiritual inheritance left us by our founders. Because tongues cease, and knowledge vanishes away, because the beautiful things which surround us are ours in material form for four brief years only, our inheritance, which is something that we can take away and have for our own forever, is the most permanent and valuable gift of our college.

This inheritance brings with it duties, responsibilities; all inheritances are to be preserved, well used and handed down. When they are very great they bear taxes, as ours bears its tax of loyalty. But our inheritance is unique, inasmuch as to understand it clearly we must know something of the nature of its giver. Yet, Miss Hodgkins said, she did not wish to describe and characterize Mr Durant, as it is part of our privilege to make up for ourselves a portrait of him, from the many things we hear about him; she wished only to let us see him in her picture of memory, so that we could see with our spiritual eyes that beneath every beautiful thing of nature or art in Wellesley are written the words: "I am wishing for you happy and useful years."

Mr. Durant was a slight man, always dressed immaculately in black, with eyes keen as a lawyer's should be, but gentle as a wise, good man's are, and with a halo of wavy silver hair. His step was alert; his whole form illuminate with life. Always he was guiding, planning, encouraging, giving individual help to individual students. The keynote of his earnest advice in chapel or to individuals was often "Make first things first." Once Miss Hodgkins stood looking at the morning world from College Hall Hill, when College Hall was the only building of the college. Mr. Durant, coming up, asked if she saw what he did. And when she asked what that might be, he pointed out the hills round about. "On that hill a Science Building, on that an Art Building, over there a Gymnasium, and there an Observatory."

Such was the man who left us our great inheritance—wise, farsighted, wholly consecrated to the purpose that was in him. The first great treasure of the heritage he left is self-sacrifice. Mr. Durant believed with John Stirling that the best education is worse than the worst if self-sacrifice is left out. Believing so, he founded his college on sacrifice. The second treasure is the love of beauty, a "soul instinct with beauty;" the third is like it—the love of books. For these two purposes Mr. Durant filled the college with beautiful things, and then gave it his own personal library. A fourth treasure is the love of friends, and the fifth and greatest, Christ first in the life, so that the living may be safe and sane and wholesome. And the whole inheritance, with all its treasures, makes up our vision, our ideals, which are to become our judges. In closing, Miss Hodgkins referred to Wordsworth's youthful vision of the "sweetness of a common dawn," and

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of the vows that were made for him, and said that the greatest token of Mr. Durant's love was the vows he had made for us.

THE FRESHMAN CONCERT.

On the evening of Monday, September the twenty-fifth, the annual Freshman concert, given under the auspices of the Department of Music, took place in College Hall Chapel. The program this year was an unusually interesting one. The department had been so fortunate as to secure the services of the remarkable child violinist, Irma Seydel. Little Miss Seydel is the daughter of a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a pupil of Loeffler. She is only fourteen years of age, and one of the very few real musical prodigies. In August, 1910, she had the great honor of playing with the Cologne Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Steinbach. Her performance on Monday night gave a still greater assurance of her power.

Mr. A. F. Denghausen, a baritone who has given a great deal of pleasure to Wellesley audiences in times past, gave a very delightful rendition of some of Schubert's and Schumann's songs, and a group of charming English songs as well. Associate Professor Hamilton of the Music Department played four pianoforte compositions with his usual brilliancy and finish of technique, a Prelude in C by Swinstead, a Prelude in A by Paul Corder, the Fifth Barcarolle by Rubinstein, and the Rigoletto Fantasie by Liszt.

The accompanist was Mr. Carl Lamson.

A NEW CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION RECEPTION.

On Saturday evening, September 23, came the first social event of the year—the Christian Association reception.

The gladness of welcoming old friends and finding new ones is a gladness which is never old, so that although the reception was to an outsider the same event that it has always been, to us it was something new, thrilling. Besides, was there not 1915, that charming, brand new class to "be nice to" and make friends with?—a process heartily enjoyed by all the other classes, whether their hospitality took the form of explaining things to frankly-pleased mothers and aunts, of carrying perilous glasses of lemonade, or of merely shaking hands with all the Freshmen in reach. And the speeches were better than ever! Mrs. Durant and President Pendleton, Katharine Bingham and Elizabeth Hart—with so much of inspiration in our leaders, no wonder this year is promising fairly to be the best one we have ever had!

BARNSWALLOWS.

As always, the first night and afternoon of the Barnswallows' flocking, September 30, this year, was a most jovial occasion. The same gladness in showing the new swallows the fine art of dodging posts, the same groans at too short dances, the same hilarious meetings in R or L or M—and everywhere else—showed 1915 at once the spirit of the place. Florence Talpey, president of the Barn, introduced it to the Freshmen most charmingly.

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WOMEN WORKERS' WAGES.

Apropos of the English strike, an editorial printed in the London and Manchester Daily News for August 22, gives incidentally an interesting account of the work of Marion Bosworth, 1906-8, and primarily a valuable comparison of English and American women workers:

"Miss L. Marion Bosworth has drawn up a report on the wages of women workers in Boston that will doubtless command attention in this country, as well as in the United States. The investigation that led to its preparation was carried out under the direction of the Department of Research of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, and the result is in many respects startling. As quoted by the Morning Post yesterday, in a special article from Washington, Miss Bosworth, after studying the income and expenditure of four hundred and fifty women workers, has come to the conclusion that those workers cannot support themselves in Boston under two pounds a week, counting five dollars to the pound. But the inquiry has shown that the average woman's wage in Boston is from six to seven dollars, or twenty-four to twenty-eight shillings per week, while 'a great many girls and young women are employed at much smaller wages.' Employers are said to justify the starvation payment on the ground that the girls live with their parents, and that the earnings simply supplement the family income. But the fact remains that there must be a large proportion of women and girl workers who have no home in this sense, who have to fight the battle of life on their own account, and who must, whether in respect of food, clothing or lodging, support themselves. Applying that test to the women workers of Boston, the disclosures are very disquieting. Miss Bosworth, analyzing the position of different grades of workers, concludes that a woman must spend at least thirty pounds a year upon food. The girl clerk pays over sixteen pounds a year for rent, and the factory girl does not get off, on an average, under eleven pounds. Dress, again, is in Boston a big item, running into thirteen or fourteen pounds a year. How workers exist on the wage paid is a mystery. The writer in the Morning Post says that the impression left by the report is that 'the lot of the average woman wage worker is pretty dreary, and that her life must necessarily be one of toil and privation.' These are grim facts, and the point for British readers is that in the United States, where women are supposed to enjoy a better position than in this country, the conditions of daily working life appear to be harder than they are here. Tariff agitators would have us believe that the worker in the United States is well off. Miss Bosworth's report is one of a legion of proofs that that is far from the truth."

AMONG OTHER COLLEGES.

Columbia University is to become the possessor of a model of the Fortune Theater which was built in London in about 1600, and in which Shakespeare is believed to have acted. The building is to be erected from specifications preserved by Dulwick College.—Ex.

Pennsylvania University is raising $100,000 for a new Deutsch Haus for German activities.—Ex.

The Wisconsin University Student Court suspended fourteen sophomores last spring for breaking hazing rules. This was the first case of student discipline acted on by the court.—Ex.

At Leland Stanford University, no student may take part in more than one dramatic performance a semester; freshman intercollegiate sports have been taken away; fraternity, sorority and club life are on trial as lowering scholarship.

The Minister of Education of Japan, carrying out the new government's policy of interior development, has announced that two new Imperial Universities, accommodating a total of one thousand students, will be opened.—Ex.

IMPORTANT NOTICE. STUDENT BUILDING FAIR.

Although it is several weeks before the Student Building Fair, we wish to remind you that the articles which you promised will be gladly received at any time, the sooner the better. An opportunity to pledge articles for the fair will soon be given to the new girls. Please talk to all your relatives and friends about it and collect as much material as possible. Bring all contributions to Edna Swope, 433 College Hall.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Alumnæ and former students are earnestly requested to fill out and return the blanks for the Wellesley College Record at once, if they have not already done so. If anyone has not received her blanks she is asked to notify us immediately.

Wellesley College Record,
Wellesley, Massachusetts.

PRIZES OFFERED FOR ESSAYS ON "INTERNATIONAL PEACE."

The Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration offers a first prize of $200 and a second prize of $100 for the best essays on "International Peace" by undergraduate women students of any college or university in the United States.

The donor of the prizes is Mrs. Elmer Black of New York, N. Y.

Judges: Hon. James Brown Scott, Secretary of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace; George W. Kirchwey, LL.D., Kent Professor of Law in Columbia University, and Mrs. Edwin D. Mead, Chairman of Peace Department in the National Council of Women.

Contest closes March 15, 1912.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

For the purposes of this contest the term "International Peace" may be held to include any subject specifically related to the modern movement to substitute law for war, to establish a permanent court for the settlement of international disputes, and to secure arbitration treaties between the nations of the world. It is especially hoped that many contestants will devote themselves to the suggestion of ways and means of securing these desired ends.

Each contestant is requested to append to her essay a complete list of works consulted, if possible with specific references. (It is suggested that contestants write the American Peace Society, Washington, D. C., for its free list of inexpensive references.)

The term "undergraduate student" applies to one who, in a college or scientific school, is doing the work prescribed for the degree of bachelor, or its technical equivalent.

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Essays must not exceed 5,000 words (a length of 3,000 words is suggested as desirable) and must be written, preferably in typewriting, on one side only of plain paper (ruled or unruled) of ordinary letter size (8 x 10½ inches), with a margin of at least 1¼ inches. Manuscripts not easily legible will not be considered.

Each essay should bear a nom de plume or arbitrary sign which should be included in an accompanying letter giving the writer's real name, college, class and home address. Both letter and essay should reach H. C. Phillips, Secretary Lake Mohonk Conference, Mohonk Lake, N. Y., not later than March 15, 1912. Essays should be mailed flat (not rolled).

The award of the prizes will be announced at the Lake Mohonk Conference in May, 1912.

For additional information, references, etc., address the Secretary of the Conference.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Athletic Association extends a hearty welcome to all members of the college, and particularly to the Class of 1915. Here's to a splendid year! (Signed) MARTHA CHARLES,
President of Athletic Association.

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(Continued from page 26)

(e) Consumers' League
(f) College Settlements' Associations
(g) Equal Suffrage League.

Group 2. Christian Association prayer-meeting every week; after which as appointed:
(a) Christian Association business meeting
(b) Student Government Association
(c) Class meetings (see IV)
(d) Social meetings of the Societies.

Group 3. Choir practise; after which:
(a) Orchestra practise
(b) Glee and Mandolin Club practise.

Group 4. (a) Meetings of Societies
(b) Barnswallow meetings.

All meetings of those organizations in Group 1 shall come on Monday evening; those in Group 2 on Wednesday evening; those in Group 3 on Friday evening; those in Group 4 on Saturday evening.

III.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

There shall be eight dramatic events during the year, distributed as follows:

First term { 1 major play, 1 minor play
Second term { 1 major play, 1 minor play
Third term { 3 major plays, 1 minor play

A minor play shall be limited to two week's preparation with three two-hour rehearsals each week.

The major plays shall be given, one by the Senior, one by the Junior, and one by the Sophomore class, and one each by two societies; the minor plays shall be given, one by a society, and two by the Barnswallows.

This distribution of the plays in the three terms shall hold for two years only.

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..... STERLING .....

INTELLECTUAL REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

William Butler Yeats, Irish poet and dramatist, who is in Boston as managing director of the Irish players who are presenting modern Irish plays in the new Plymouth Theater, gave an interesting talk to a reporter of the Boston Transcript in explanation of the particular Irish drama that he shows in Boston.

"You may or may not know," he said, as quoted in the Transcript, "that particularly in the drama, there has been a great intellectual revival in recent years. Formerly the spirit of Ireland was expressed in songs. Irish writers are now turning to the drama as their vehicle of expression, and there they are meeting with a success that compares very favorably with the efforts of dramatists elsewhere. Perhaps it is because they strive first to please themselves, to be faithful to their artistic ideals. We are intensely in earnest. We have a theater in London seating five hundred, where we have given the larger number of our presentations, and on the whole, although we have deferred to nobody, not even the government, we have gained decided support, artistically and otherwise. We have constantly encouraged Irish dramatists whether their plays were likely to prove popular or not.

"There is so much in the Irish spirit that offers material for the dramatist that it seems to me it is impossible for us to fail to make an appeal. And in presenting that spirit we go to the real sources for our material, to the fundamental life of Ireland, that of the country folks. Ours is thus folk-drama, so to speak.

"Our players are recruited almost entirely from amateurs. All the professional training that they have received has been obtained in our little theater. How good that has been you may perhaps judge when I tell you that out of season they have been in demand even among Beerbohm Tree's companies. But then, the groundwork of their art is sincerity, just as the groundwork of our Irish drama is sincerity.

"Such a movement as ours belongs to the awakening intellectual movement in Ireland. Everywhere in the country has come of late a new interest in the arts. The study of Gaelic in particular is a wonderful move, and it is making marvelous headway. One of the greatest results from the study of Gaelic I believe to be already noticeable in a marked degree, the unity of the Irish people. Gaelic is breaking down barriers everywhere, bringing the rich and poor together in a common interest, and, what is the fine thing about it, in a better understanding. For the study of Gaelic has taken rich and poor alike into the realms of the Irish folk spirit. And that is precisely, too, what we are trying to do in this revival of Irish drama."

FREE PRESS.

I.

In one of the leading magazines the other day, occurred an article in the form of a letter to a daughter "On Entering College." One of the things the father hoped his daughter would lose in college was the dreadful "vox Americana." And a night or two ago one of the professors of modern languages, dining in College Hall, exclaimed, "Ah, the noise! In my country it would not be so. There one's country is always hushed, gentle." In the light (?) of those two facts, and of the vast amount of energy that is weekly expended in keeping our voices and those of our neighbors down, for stated hours each

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week, need one feel herself a hopeless bromide to venture a few observations? We have splendid lungs, but there is a difference between the legitimate use of lung-power and the production of sounds like very animated factory whistles. It causes very unpleasant and harmful criticism of us, this unfeeling use of our voices, and, while it is wholly a personal thing, college is a good place for at least recognizing, if not correcting, various personal faults. It is often necessary to shout, but squealing!—and then to imagine that it is ordinary talk!

1912.

II.

Mr. William B. Yeats, Irish poet that we love, has been in Boston, expects to remain three months in America, and has already accepted several invitations to lecture in American universities! Is it presumptuous to wish that he might come here? But perhaps it is arranged that he is coming!

III.

We hear a great deal of loyalty; when we go home we say that college is the "most wonderful place;" if, perchance, a disputatious sister or cousin, Smith or Radcliffe or Vassar bred, inclines to challenge some of our adjectives, we are instantly in arms, and really put up a very respectable argument. But a professor of English here once said, "It seems to take girls a very long time to get the true spirit of loyalty." Does it? Are we going to wax discontented, cynical, even rebellious over the regulation of student activities, which chosen students and Faculty have found wise, and which were read to us at the Student Government meeting on Friday? A wide, real spirit of loyalty would accept the report of the Committee on Non-Academic Interests heartily, with earnest, even glad intention to see them through, and aid in an interesting experiment for the betterment of the college. In these regulations we have the chance to help—not any special organizations, but our great college herself! Moreover, it is we ourselves who have made them. Let us act the part of a responsible, true-hearted community!

1912.

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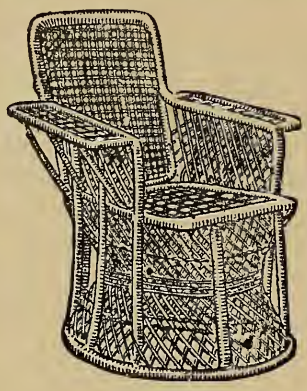

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COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Sunday, October 8, at 11.00 A.M., service in Durant Memorial Chapel. Sermon by Dr. Alexander Mann of Trinity Church, Boston.

At 7.00 P.M., in the chapel, vespers. Special music and an address by Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin of New York City.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Professor Angie C. Chapin, head of the Greek Department, is now Acting Dean.

During the summer Mrs. Durant has placed a memorial at the East Lodge of the campus; a granite shaft with a bronze tablet, commemorating the departure of the militia of West Needham to the Battle of Lexington. A band of seventy-five men, under Captain Aaron Smith, marched from the rendezvous at Bullard's Tavern, the site of which is hard by.

Professor Lois Kimball Mathews has become Dean of Women in the University of Wisconsin.

Miss Elizabeth Pope, Instructor in the Department of English Composition, has withdrawn to accept a position as head of the Department of English in Miss Wheeler's School in Providence.

Miss Balch has been attending the first Universal Races Congress, held in London, July 26-29, as a delegate of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ.

Professor Whiting, at the meeting of the Astrophysical Society of America, which was held at the Dominion Observatory, Ottawa, Canada, read a paper on "Daytime Work in Astronomy."

On Flower Sunday Rev. Oscar E. Maurer preached the sermon; Rev. Edward M. Noyes of Newton Center was the preacher on Sunday, October 1.

STUDENT ENTERTAINMENTS.

In accordance with Part B, VI, 1, of the Official Circular of Information, requests by students or by organizations for permission to hold meetings or give entertainments should be sent to the Secretary of the Committee on Non-Academic Interests before November first. If any permissions are desired before November first, the plans should be submitted as early as possible.

ROXANA H. VIVIAN,
Secretary of the Committee on Non-Academic Interests.

PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS.

Poor Old Lady Wellesley,
She wasn't none too keen;
She bought some candles and a Board
To make a magazine.

When Miss V. Freshman sits among
Her papers and her books, ma'am,
She wears her spectacles on her nose,
And oh, how wise she looks, ma'am.

She cares not if the soup grows cold,
Nor if the meat it burns, ma'am.
When Miss V. Freshman's at her books,
Oh, what a lot she learns, ma'am.

AN ECHO FROM 1911.

The Song of Songs.

Oh, sing me no song of the Wanderlust
That comes with the budding May,—
When the thoughts of youth lightly turn forsooth,
Over the Hills and Away.

Oh, trill me no tune of the joys of June,
For the leaves fall from the trees;—
Sing me a Song of the Hike Along!
For now it is Hike! or Freeze!

Oh, sing me the Song of the Jobless One
As he hits up the Jobless Pike,—
He knows in his soul that his Winter Coal
Depends on his Autumn Hike!

—Without Apology.

I WANT TO KNOW.

I want to know how Bernard Shaw
Likes beefsteak—fairly done, or raw?
I want to know what kind of shoes
M. Maeterlinck and Howells use.

I have great curiosity
Regarding George Ade's new boot tree.
Has Carolyn Wells of late employed
Hairpins of wire or celluloid?

What kind of soap does London like?
Does Robert Chambers ever "hike?"
Or did he ever? Or, if not,
Does he like cabbage, cheese, or what?

I want to know the size of gloves
Oppenheim wears, and if he loves
Olives, and how his clothes are made.
What does he eat? How is he paid?

All sorts of things I want to learn
That are not of the least concern
To anyone. For, Oh! and Oh!
I want to know! I WANT TO KNOW!

I want to know, and know I will—
The printing press is never still.
For me it prints such facts as these!
I am the Public, if you please!

—ELLIS PARKER BUTLER,
In September Bookman.

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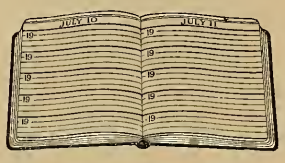

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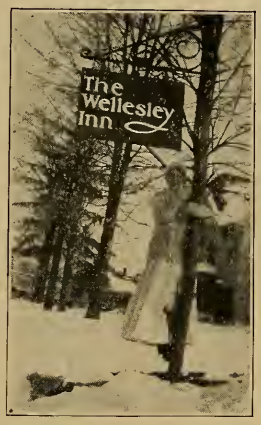

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